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Charles Chaplin

A PORTRAIT

BY WALDO FRANK

Loving the world he lives in and despising it, Charlie Chaplin, the idol of millions, moves through life as through his pictures, a lonely figure. Waldo Frank here presents a close study of Chaplin which explains his nature and his hold on the American people.

I

CHAPLIN'S eyes are a blue so darkly shadowed that they are almost purple. They are sad eyes; from them pity and bitterness look out upon the world. They are veiled: while the man moves forward with irresistible charm, his eyes hold back in a solitude fiercely forbidding. No one who sees the eyes of Chaplin could feel like laughing. They are the one part of the man which does not show in his pictures.

For fifteen years these eyes have looked out on Hollywood. Much nonsense has been written about this suburb of Los Angeles, which is itself a suburb of the country. America reviles it as an indecent stranger somehow lodged in its midst, or romanticizes it into a scene from the "Arabian Nights." But, of course, Hollywood is no worse a place than any provincial city of our land; nor better. Hollywood's producers are typical money men; its directors are typical professional men; its actresses and actors are typical girls and boys. Its army of mechanics, craftsmen, engineers, are the usual American sort: grime them up a bit, lower their wages, and they would fit into your town garage. Hollywood's swarms of aspirants buzzing about the lots are typical floating seed of the American jungle: the wastrel seed that finds no soil to root in, whether it rots near home or blows away. Only in one respect is Hollywood unusual: its girls are really as fair as all girls would like to be.

Hollywood is the perfect mirror of banal American success. Ordinary souls dream extraordinary dreams—in the way of ordinary souls. And in Hollywood the dreams come true. Here is

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uncounted money, here is glamour, here is the exact mechanical production of that ideal to which success means a show. And Chaplin, with those frightening eyes of his, which almost no one ever sees, looks out upon this world, his home since he was twenty-four. There is another world which he looks in upon: the gray, grinding London of his childhood. He loves the London slums; for these slums were his and they are in his heart. But on his mother's side the blood of Chaplin is half gypsy. Through her, whom he brought from England to live near him on the coast, yet another world lives in him: a world of meadows and irresponsible laughter.

In the city of success he carries with him the taste of the London slums. But even there he was not at home: even for that sad past which formed his body and his mind he has a grim, ironical refusal—since there, too, the gypsy in him was a stranger.

This counterpoint of sympathy and denial is our first clew to the man. The drawing-room of his house is packed with bibelots, pictures, bric-à-brac sent him by the admiring splendor of the world. Here are tributes from Chinese mandarins and from the royalty of Europe. And here too, on the wall, hang a few colored lithographs of Whitechapel and Wapping. Chaplin loves to take these from the wall. They depict streets that are like some cold inferno, in which the people stir slowly like souls stripped of all save the capacity to suffer. Watch his eyes as he looks at this picture of his childhood world. They are at once too soft and too hard. The emotions of understanding and of refusal are separate in them. In this room I once sat with Chaplin while the Comte de Chasseloup exhibited to us what are perhaps the most terrible photographs in the world: close-ups in progressive detail of tortures and executions which he had collected in China. We looked on the deliberate process of men being carved alive—as a butcher quarters a calf. We saw faces black with the horror of their pain, and then white with the relief of death. And in Chaplin there was the same counterpoint of feeling. His eyes took in the tremendous pity of these portrayals of man's way with man. Suddenly his eyes hardened; he jumped up, and his mouth was cruel. "There's humanity for you! By God, they deserve it. Give it to them! That's man. Cut 'em up. Torture 'em! The bastards!". . . The pity he had felt was intolerable to him. He summoned hardness to wipe it out: to save himself from this danger of being overwhelmed. Chaplin does not wish to give himself to any emotion, to any situation, to any life. Life draws him too terribly for that. Whatever he feels must immediately arouse its opposite; so that Chaplin may remain untouched—immaculate and impervious in himself.

With this same reserve he moves through Hollywood. He is no recluse. His secret apartness is far subtler than that. He frequents the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador, where the slightly decayed youth of the coast ferments in dance. He sits for hours in the smoke of his friend Henry Bergman's restaurant on the crowded boulevard. He goes to parties—to those of his friend Marion Davies at her Beach House, to those of William Randolph Hearst at his ranch. And wherever he goes he is the life of the crowd. He acts, he mimics, he plays, he insists on amusing and on being seen. But always there is the same immediate wavering away from the life about him and from the effect he produces. He does not give himself nor does he really take. Above all, he does not aggressively re-

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fuse any advance or emotion. He is noncommittal.

Intactness—this is the principle that best explains the balance of opposites in feeling, conduct, thought which he sets up. He is like an atom that must journey alone through the world. It moves an intricate course, swerving here and there, myriadly attracted, myriadly repelled, seeming to give, seeming to respond—always remaining free and alone. A direct refusal of the world about him would mean a definite relation with it. This is not his game. If the world draws him, he responds—passive. His course has been swerved, but he is uncommitted. He resolves every force with its opposite. Emotionally this means that he frustrates in himself every impulse of utter giving or of utter taking. He remains unpossessed and ultimately unpossessing. But this deep frustration is the key to his profound success. Do not pity him for it. He is no pitiable creature.

With sure instinct Chaplin has guided his personal life through channels where he would be always alone. He loves the world he lives in, and despises it. He does not want to change it: no man is farther from the fervor of the prophet, and yet few men have done so much to show it up as ridiculous and worthless. He does not want another world. He uses this one, just as it is, in order to insure his aloneness. But, were he really alone, he would meet in the silence of himself some acceptance which would prove his unity with the world. So he courts the world, and dwells in it, in order to frustrate such a possible self-encounter.

There was a time when Chaplin seemed to me a kind of fallen angel: an angel cursed by God with all human feelings and with the inability to fulfil them: cursed with the gift of evoking laughter and love and with no power to take laughter and love to himself. But this was a sentimental error. The inordinate tenderness of the man, his gentility and grace, are checked by his native rejection of the self-bestowal to which such qualities must lead. Hardness and ruthless egoism are as primal in him as the generous emotions. He refuses to be lost in any synthesis of love. He must remain the atom of himself. And in his perfect poise *between* the forces of the world—the poise of opposites—this is what he remains. And this is what he wants.

What he wants Chaplin has infinite resources for getting. The shrewd technic of his art is but a phase of the same art in his life. This is the man who, when he was first approached with an invitation to enter pictures—untried and unknown—jacked up the initial offer of seventy-five dollars a week to twelve times that figure. "I saw they were anxious," he explained to me. "When I said to them, 'I think I'll study philosophy; I don't care for acting,' I saw them go white. That's how I knew what I was worth." And this is the man who, three years later, when Mary Pickford, Fairbanks, Griffith, Hart, and himself were in danger of being shamefully exploited by the business end of the game, gathered them all together into "United Artists" and preserved a fair portion of the treasure to the men and women who were doing the work. Chaplin is endowed with consummate powers for connecting with the world. "I'd make a great banker," he once told me. He is intelligent, so intelligent that he intuitively grasps the abstruse currents of modern thought, æsthetic, political, even philosophic. He is sensitive, so exquisitely that the gamut of hu-

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man joy and pain plays endless responses within him. And he is passionate and earthy, a lover of good food and of women and of racy words. All these gifts naturally conspire to make him one with the world. Yet there is in him this dominant need to be one only with himself, to submit to no marriage, to let himself be lost in no union, to which his mind and sense impel him. What, in this diathesis, can he do? He can keep on moving. He can make his life a constant journey through the inconstancy of impressions which, if he dwelt with them, would bind him. He can make of his life an *escape*.

II

The life, then, of this first master of the motion-picture, is motion. His art is the treasured essence of his life. The theme of the Chaplin picture is Chaplin himself, in relation (opposition) to the world. He journeys through it, immeasurably roused, solicited, moved—yet aloof, yet intactly alone. The form of the Chaplin film is his own body, set off by the world: his body made into a mask behind which the man, all intact, goes slyly and painfully on his impervious journey. And the plot of the Chaplin film is merely some sequence of episodes in this constant opposition of himself journeying through life and never fused within it.

Of course it is not as easy as it sounds. Precisely because his work is the incarnation of his life-mood, of his life-journey, its birth is a delicate issue. In the beginning there is the atomic Chaplin, cast in some rôle that will motivate his passage through the required number of reels. But that passage—as pawnbroker's assistant, circus fool, convict pilgrim, fireman, seeker of gold, tramp, janitor, country bumpkin, etc.—that passage must be blocked out with events. Each foot of the film is an event, an encounter between Chaplin and the world. Since the art is to be the essence of his life, it too, like his life, must be completely *fleshed;* and must breathe! From each encounter, either with another person or with some inanimate object like a brickbat, there must rise visibly and palpably the personality of the entire journey. So each event of the film must be a work of art in itself. And there must be sequence, breathing, flowing, mounting. Each event must rise into the next until the mass of events becomes a plastic music where each episode is a note. The whole tale is a motion of events to represent the journey of the man—his escape, intact, through the myriad mass of life.

The mood of the tale, being intimately Chaplin's own, is carried within him. What he must wait for is the precise scale of episodes that will form the mood. Even when the events have come to him (the particular stunts of the film) they must be weighed and measured. Where do they fit in? Do they fit in at all?

This period of gestation is painful and long. Chaplin lies abed an entire morning. He broods, measuring the tentative "body" of his tale by the inner sense of what he wants. This sense is infallible, but it is inarticulate save as the completed picture will be its articulation. Chaplin does not know, he has no words for saying, the exact timbre and gamut of physical actions that will express this particular body of his life-journey. The picture will be his knowing. . . . Meantime, several miles away, his studio awaits him. It is a charming lot, several acres in size. Here lives Kono, the remarkable Japanese factotum who manages Chaplin's personal journey through

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life, who serves as a kind of intelligent oil against the inevitable frictions of the inevitable encounters with stranger and friend. Here wait his general staff: Alf Reeves (who has been with him since music-hall days), Harry Crocker, Carl Robinson, Henry Bergman, Henry Clive, Roland Totheroh—possibly the director Harry d'Arrast, who once worked with him in Crocker's present place and who remains his chum. All these men are distinguishably sweet, sensitized, intelligent, aloof in the crass Hollywood world. (That world is full of workers who carry on after they have left him, bearing the stamp he gave them—Menjou is a celebrated instance.)

The staff all feel the tension of their chief. The strain, indeed, is so great that there are men in the "industry" who could not stand it. At last, possibly around noon, Chaplin arrives. The instant has come when he was ready. He has dropped into his clothes, stepped into the limousine which waits all morning at the door, with the engine throbbing. He is hatless, tie-less, and his vest is open. But the clothes are the most dapper product of the London tailor. He wears them, at work, like a gypsy. Even in this detail there is the meeting of the Chaplin opposites. Gypsy and exquisitely groomed young gentleman delete each other: leaving, as ever, merely Chaplin.

He joins his crowd in the little bungalow on the lot, where lunch is served and where he has his dressing-rooms. Tentative moments of the film are brought up, altered, discarded, readjusted. Chaplin paces, his face hard, his mouth half-open, his eyes far off in himself. Infinitesimal details are studied, rehearsed, discussed: gags, postures, meanings, properties, business. Walking up and down, the little man holds in his head the film's inexorable rhythm, the inner logic of its growth. As the ideas fly back and forth, in words and mimicry, Chaplin brings them to the measure in himself: rejects or accepts.

There may be months of this. Nothing seems to be going. The corps of workers champ and chafe. Chaplin moves with his preoccupation through his habitual life: parties, dinners, wanderings about town, swift flights with friends, long hours alone. At last certain scenes, having withstood the critical pause, seem certain. Carpenters and plasterers get busy. Sets rise on the lot. Chaplin wanders about among the hammers, alone or with his group: judging, silent, suddenly exasperated, lost in a new angle of vision—giving sharp orders that destroy the work of weeks. A shot that cost a long journey to location (and $50,000) will be ruthlessly scrapped. Later a scene will be repeated a literal hundred times; and, if the fifty-ninth time was right, each detail of it will be so clear in Chaplin's eye that he will reproduce it for the camera. Finally a thousand feet of photography will be collapsed into a yard so pregnant with the essence of the event that it will move, intact like the man himself, through all the world.

This perfect consciousness of Chaplin as craftsman would of course be less conspicuous in any other place. (In Paris, for instance, where men work with words and with pigment as Chaplin does with human masses, his *métier* is understood as merely the highest form of a common practice.) But Hollywood is a usual American town—not a capital of artists. And the studios of Hollywood confine their precision and consciousness to problems of mechanics and finance. They are monuments of æsthetic vague-

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ness, intellectual nullity, artistic hit-or-miss. The usual story, to begin with, is an externalized contraption put together by the combined shrewdness of half a dozen wholesalers parading as writers, scenarists, directors, and producers. The actors have no accurate technic. The directors have no conscious control. In such a combination the chance artist is helpless and lost. When a scene is "pretty good" it is shot. And the result is the kind of flat approximation that feeds the dreams of the millions. But by the time Chaplin gets ready to rehearse a scene its precise place in the architectonic of his tale has been measured, even as the theme itself has been measured in his life. And as he rehearses he knows what happens. I mean that he knows the interplay of muscle, mass, space, and their focal value as the camera lens will catch it. He is no expert in photography. In his especial choreography he is supreme.

All organic life has a commanding, individual rhythm: the beat of a heart, the slant of a mind, the indecipherable stir of cells must go with that rhythm. Such an organic rhythm besets the consciousness of Chaplin, incarnating his subjective mood into a story. At the beginning, he knows the rhythm only. He has to grope for the episodes to flesh it. But when he finds his episodes he knows what he wants. And at the moment of shooting a scene he knows how to recall what he wants. And he can do this because, from the twist of a leg to the flicker of an eye, he knows how everything is done.

III

All this, however, has not explained what it is that Chaplin is doing. His work may be the incarnation of his personal escape from those trammels of life to which his sensitivity and capacity for love expose him; his way of escape may be shrewd with all the shrewdness of his cockney-gypsy genius; and the æsthetic expression of that journey of his soul may be done with consummate craft. Yet the inward value of the entire adventure is not yet clear.

We can best approach the significance of Chaplin's art by considering another constant presence (besides himself) in his meditations on the story, in his conferences with Crocker and d'Arrast, in his rehearsals, in his final prunings, acceptances, and rejections. That other presence he always alludes to by a simple name. He calls it "they." "They" is the public. "They" collaborates unceasingly with Chaplin. "They" has the final veto over even Chaplin himself.

Of course a similar "they" seems to preside over all the lots of filmland. But in the usual studio there are a number of men pawing over the platitudes of the human race in the deliberate effort to concoct from them a pattern which the public will pay for. Chaplin too is a child of the theatre. And there is no theatre without a "box" in front. But in the studio of Chaplin there is, most really of all, a man of the people—a cockney, a gypsy, a music-hall fellow—who looks into the eyes of the world as in a mirror, in order to see *himself* more objectively and sharply. So it is that, coming to Chaplin's public, we return to the man. By means of this reflection we can see at last, in clarity, how he manages his escape and what it is which, behind the mask of "funny-legs," goes its immortal journey into the heart of the world.

Chaplin looks upon the world of today. He sees failure: poverty, agony, disease, chaos, fear, pitiful passion, pitiful love. He sees success: deceit, garishness, tinsel, boast, disillusion. He sees his own past in London—his mother in the drab

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uniform of the poorhouse. He sees his own victorious present. He sees and feels too much. He is afraid of being lost in this world. There is a kernel of him that is neither this success nor this failure: a core in the man that can dance its own life if only it may remain alone. That is why he must escape; why he must look on all the invading world as an enemy and must hate it. Chaplin is a hard and princely fellow: his brow is strong, and his jaw and his mouth. But the modelling about his temples is girlishly tender, and the deepest spirit in his eyes is a retreating terror. He is afraid for that core in him of grace and loveliness and youthful dance. To protect it, he will fight—he will employ all his skill, all his hardness.

Now consider Chaplin's public, which is the modern world. In each breast live grace and loveliness and wistful dream. But in the common man that personal treasure of each heart cannot remain intact. Family, business, law, and war invade it. All civilization becomes a foe, trampling on this secret heart, dispersing its dream, bruising and breaking its love.

Chaplin, who has striven to keep it whole for himself, has made his fight for the world. Here, in his films, the grace and beauty of the human "atom" are visible once more. Behind the mask of Chaplin—behind the swinging cane, the ambling, painful feet, the tight-drawn coat, the cocky derby hat—marches the common loveliness of man—marches and journeys as it must through a hated modern world—dissociate from social forms, shabby, despised, pitiful, poor; yet miraculously intact and miraculously triumphant.

Rousseau, I suppose, perfected this tragicomedy of the modern world, with its dualistic conflict between beauty and civilization, between love and man's habitual life. Marvellously gifted, he gave to the world its rationale for the impulse to creep back into a mythic childhood, to worship the self at the expense of the towering forms about it. As Mr. Lardner might say: "Jean Jacques started something." Charles Chaplin has finished it. (Even the cut of his comic coat recalls the romantic century—the age of Alfred de Musset.) The cult of loveliness at war with the sobrieties of life could beget no greater art than this journey of Chaplin carrying beauty untouched through an atmosphere of heavy institutions, of brickbats and policemen. French intellectual, London clerk, Chinese coolie, Mexican peon, Park Avenue child, in the common distress of their submission to a world too full of money to leave room for singing and for dancing, can gaze together at this secret triumph which Chaplin has enacted for them. His song explodes their oppressive world. His primitive refusal to "grow up" in the "respectable way" becomes the modern spirit of revolution.*

IV

In the old days Charles Chaplin worked not less meticulously but a good deal faster. His theme has always been the exact transcription of the mood of his life. But when his life was simpler the bridge to his work was more immediate. It was easier for the man to remain impervious, intact, virginally himself. The instinctive operation of his will had found no invasion too bruising or too

*Arturo Mom, the Argentinian writer, tells us that Lenin once said: "Chaplin is the only man in the world I want to meet." It is a story readily believed. Chaplin's art expresses the germinal seed of the revolt—tender and ruthless, romantic and realistic—which Lenin's technic attempted to fulfil. Chaplin and Lenin—they are probably the two most potential spirits of our age. Bring them together—pure individualist and pure collectivist—into a single force, and you have a vision of to-morrow.

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tiring for him to repel. But he has had to pay the toll of his way; and that toll has grown great. It is hard to sustain one's solitude when one is so full of eagerness as Chaplin; and when, precisely because the world loved his aloneness, the world has done everything to destroy it. His recent struggles, not so much against the clamor of the public as against his own human need for that peace and love which can be gained only by some union with another, have made him conscious of himself. Consciousness and weariness have stood between him and his journey—slowing him and slowing his work, which is the expression of that journey. His hair has turned gray, and his beautiful face is lined.

"The Circus" marks the crisis. The terrible year* that separated its first-made scenes from the last brought a new sombreness into his art. The picture on which he is at work at present is the most meditative, the most complex, the darkest story he has ever imagined. A progress like that which distinguishes the end of "Don Quixote" from its rollicking outset is manifest in his work. Chaplin is still alone; still intact. But the fight he has had to wage in order to remain so has worn him. It is the natural destiny of so passionate a man to lose himself. Thus far Chaplin has refused this death. It would mean indeed the death of his old gay art. It might mean the birth of a new tragic artist.

Meantime the circumstances of his career in Hollywood have conspired to perfect his solitude. Here was an artist whose theme was an essential motion: the pantomimic medium of the motion-picture was there to express him. But now the motion-picture industry of Hollywood decides to talk. Chaplin, whose excellence made him solitary enough, finds himself almost literally alone.

A little more entirely than he may have dreamed he is having his way. He is alone in his great house, alone with his few friends, who love him but who cannot really reach him. He is alone among his professional comrades, who, unlike him, have abandoned the silent picture. Chaplin has reached a goal. A goal is an end. An end can be also a beginning.

*The year of his trouble with his second wife, the truth about which has not been told.

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New Divorce Courts for Old

BY CARRINGTON T. MARSHALL
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio

A proposal for dealing with the problem of dissolving marriage by a jurist of high authority, who finds human lives under the present system placed at the mercy of ignorance and indifference, with no facts about underlying causes learned even after the breaking up of more than a million homes.

EVERY Saturday morning, in the city of Cleveland, the judges of the court of common pleas, setting aside the commercial proceedings which occupy their time on other days, devote the hours until noon to hearing divorce cases. All morning, in perhaps ten different chambers, men and women, abetted by lawyers, witnesses, and sympathetic relatives, and in the presence of any stranger curious enough to listen, wait their turn to lay bare the intimate unhappy segment of their lives which prompted their presence there.

Some judges hear two cases in a morning; some can dispose of as many as twelve. Some approach their work in the spirit of a scientist who weighs fragile, unknown values; others, feeling a sense of helplessness in domestic affairs, run through their cases as a matter of routine. Some judges lend a bored ear to these tragedies, others may be sentimentalists, or cynics. Some believe in the letter of the law, some in the spirit of the law. Nor are these judges nor is this system in Cleveland unique. In every county in Ohio and in nearly every community in America divorce cases are disposed of in courts of general jurisdiction. Cuyahoga County, where Cleveland is located, only differs from other counties in Ohio in the fact that twenty-two thousand cases of all kinds are filed each year in that county, while in some of the smaller counties the number does not exceed one hundred. In all counties, large and small, the methods and the procedure are the same, and the defects and difficulties are equally glaring.

It is nowise improper that courts of general jurisdiction receive such cases, for the parties seek nothing less legitimate than to dissolve a civil contract—an agreement, like all contracts between parties, involving rights, duties, and obligations which can be enforced or dissolved only by due process of law. Yet obviously the marriage contract is no ordinary agreement. Rooted in the *mores* out of which society has developed and upon which it depends, it implies legal and social obligations far transcending the terms of the contract itself, and is the one civil contract which is held by the State to be sacred. A legal contract, since the sanction of the State is required to seal it—more than a contract, it is a spiritual adventure; and when the adventure fails, and the legal status of the parties is changed, their moral and social status is much more altered, so that no decree or judgment of the court can make them whole or fully restore them to their former position. It

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follows, therefore, that a marriage contract has more than a legal status. It has sociological and ethical features requiring study and treatment of a sociological and ethical nature, which experience has fully demonstrated that courts are not designed to render.

Nevertheless, divorce cases are crowded into dockets already filled with the kind of business which the courts were originally designed to determine, and tried with the same machinery and methods with which are despatched commercial cases of the most temporary import. At ten o'clock a judge may hear the case of Smith *vs.* Barton, in which Smith sues his neighbor for damages for a steer killed by Barton's automobile, and at eleven he may hear the case of Brown *vs.* Brown, wherein a wife sues her husband, seeking divorce, alimony, and custody of their two children. The same procedure and rules of evidence are applied in each case; in each the evidence is weighed in the same scales. Yet in one case a small sum of money is involved, and in the other the possible fulfilment or blight of four lives hangs upon the decision.

These cases are decided, too, by a judge trained in the law but never prepared by training or temperament for the delicate responsibility of directing human destinies. He may be elected to the bench after a period of campaigning, chosen because he appealed to the voting populace by reason of his personality, his oratory, or reputation—or perhaps because some political boss decreed his advancement. He may be a man of common sense and character possessing a trained legal mind—in so far as the members of our judiciary are held to the standard that is set for them theoretically, but knowledge of the law is his sole technical requirement and may be his only actual qualification. Knowledge of the domestic relations is not stipulated, is not even considered, and to ask that he be a student of social problems as well as of law is to make a demand which will not be met.

Teachers of the social sciences who are not called upon professionally to solve a single practical problem are required to keep constantly abreast of the important new discoveries and theories which illumine our human peculiarities. Social workers, too, who come in contact with only one stratum of our population are required to be technically prepared for their work. But we can only stipulate of a judge that he shall have the qualities of honesty and integrity and the judicial temperament—in some States he need not even be an attorney.

Nor do I mean to cast a single arrow at members of the judiciary because, being specialists in one field, they have not specialized in an extraneous field as well. They have not the time—if they have the ambition—to become trained sociologists and psychologists. Nine-tenths of the litigation of the average court is concerned with determining property rights and the rights of persons. It is concerned with the administration of economic laws to which the great body of the common law relates. The lawyer who is not primarily interested in legal problems will not seek judicial honors, and if he were primarily interested in social problems rather than the law it is natural to suppose that he would seek some more congenial vocation. We may therefore conclude that judges of the courts of general jurisdiction are not qualified either by training or by inclination to render decisions in divorce cases.

A judge in a large city who had evi-

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denced a natural aptitude for divorce hearings was requested to devote all of his time to this work, but he objected seriously. "If I do this I will forget all the law I know," he protested, and his objection was sound, for points of law play an infinitesimal part in divorce proceedings. Here personalities take precedence of the law and the judge has a lonely task.

A commercial case is decided according to established principles. Seven centuries of common law have built up a great body of rules and principles which furnish precedent for almost every conceivable situation arising out of the breach of an ordinary contract. But the marriage contract is *sui generis;* it is unique. Here few of the rules of ordinary contracts apply and there are fewer guide-posts to point the way.

For example, ordinary contracts have three remedies. A contract may have its inception in fraud—in which case the court can order it to be cancelled. A contract may be breached, in which case the court can award damages to compensate the injured party. Or, if the loss would be irreparable, the court can order the contract to be specifically performed. In all these situations a fair measure of relief can be afforded and the judge proceeds in the groove of precedent.

But these rules cannot be applied to the marriage contract. A cancellation of this contract cannot place the parties *in statu quo* and restore them to their former state; a specific performance of the marriage contract cannot be enforced under the direction and supervision of a constable or sheriff. There can be no measure of compensation for broken homes, wrecked lives, homeless children, and the score of other ills that always follow in the trail of a faithless marriage. The well-established rules of law and procedure furnish no guide to the court in such matters.

Gross neglect, extreme cruelty, and habitual drunkenness are the most familiar grounds for divorce, but no court has yet determined exactly what constitutes these acts. They have even studiously avoided doing so. One judge may hold that an habitual drunkard must be under influence of liquor all the time. Another may interpret this to mean that he has the habit of drinking at intervals. One judge may insist that extreme cruelty must lie in an act of physical violence and accept no evidence short of a discolored optic or a fractured rib as proof, whereas another believes that a mental agony may be inflicted transcending any act of physical brutality. Gross neglect, too, most popular of all grounds, is more vague and given a wider range of application than any other. In one case on record the judge held that a wife who refused to arise before daylight and prepare her husband's breakfast was guilty of gross neglect and a divorce was granted to a husband on this evidence. In a case tried before another judge, however, a wife who failed to prepare any meals for her family was judged not guilty of gross neglect and the divorce was refused.

In Ohio it was noticed that in several counties the divorce rate was notably higher than that in adjoining counties. This was puzzling until a study of the situation disclosed the fact that certain judges were more lenient than those in neighboring counties. Persons contemplating divorce were willing to go to the trouble of establishing a residence and filing petition in a foreign county rather than risk being overruled by an unsympathetic judge. They are indeed beginning to choose the judge who hears their

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case with the same care as the lawyer whom they employ to try it!

Some judges are guardians of the law first and some judges concentrate upon the individual and fit the law to the case, while others, heartily disliking such matters, give scant inquiry into either facts or law. It is needless to add that deserving parties are sometimes refused a decree while undeserving ones are successful. The former despise the courts for their weakness and the latter cry out against their injustice and are prone to believe that commercial and economic problems receive no better treatment. Friends of the interested parties get the same reaction and by and large the courts suffer greatly in reputation.

That people in general are alert to the significance of our mounting divorce rate there is slight doubt if the efforts of preachers and editors to arouse them have been at all effective. Yet, in spite of considerable abstract interest in the phenomenon, we seem well content to let it remain just that—a monstrous strange phenomenon whose growth it interests us to watch.

To be sure, companionate marriage becomes a seven months' wonder buoyed up by the logic that if the institution of the procreative marriage is avoided there can be no breaking of marital vows because no making of them. Courts of domestic relations are established in our large cities, but they immediately become congested with cases of guardianship, desertion, non-support, et cetera. State legislatures now and then make a new statute or repeal an old one—as for instance the famous ridiculous statute recently repealed by the State of Arizona declaring that divorce may be granted "when the cause is within the reason of the law, within the general mischief the law is intended to remedy, or within what it may be presumed the legislature establishing the foregoing causes would have provided against had they seen the specific case." But in the main these are our only gestures, and in every State we leave the field to a legislature composed of members without training or experience in lawmaking who have never made any study of social conditions, and to judges equally without special training or knowledge. It transpires therefore that the most important institution in the entire scheme of human relations is placed at the mercy of indifference, ignorance, and incapacity.

But for our comfort this may be said: ominous as the divorce rate may loom in point of significance, in bulk it is not our greatest problem. Within the decade other social problems have grown to vast proportions. Some of these have been successfully coped with and, more encouraging still, have been coped with by the State. Let us divert for a moment to mention the splendid results achieved in other fields by agencies other than courts.

Not many years ago the increasing use of dangerous machinery in factories, coupled in many instances with the failure to exercise proper precautions for the safety of operatives, began to take an unusual toll of life and limb. For a time the situation was met as a legal problem, and a measure of redress was secured through the courts. The courts proceeded according to rule and routine, and whenever it was shown that the employer was negligent a recovery of damages followed. It followed, however, after so much delay that the injured employee was not much benefited and after dividing with his lawyer felt that the winner was after all the loser.

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More startling and important still it began to filter through the public mind that negligence was not the only ground of compensation and that all losses of life and limb, with or without negligence, should be borne by industry.

In other words, it was recognized as an economic rather than a legal problem and that courts were not equipped to deal with it. Industrial commissions have therefore been established in nearly all the States. They are charged with the duty of adjusting and compensating the losses of workmen occasioned by the hazards of industry and are trustees of the fund provided for that purpose. They have trained investigators, men skilled in medicine and surgery to expose the malingerer, and to guard the fund against fraud and preserve it for the benefit of those justly entitled thereto. They are invested with the important function, too, of making and enforcing factory rules to require employers to provide safety devices, guards for machinery, and, generally, to provide safe places in which to work.

Tax commissions become taxation experts and have at their command and as a part of their organization the facilities for determining values and ferreting out frauds and evasions. Public-utilities commissions become highly specialized in regulating public-utility service, in issuing securities, determining fairness of rates, and judging the quality of service. They have engineers of their own choosing whose research and judgment is free from the influence of partisan employment and the retainer fee. The Federal Trade Commission is rendering a service of like character in curbing restraint of trade and safeguarding competition.

Here are four notable fields of legal administration of a quasi-judicial character in which it has been found expedient to establish commissions lacking the authority and character of judicial tribunals but performing functions which would otherwise be left to the courts. They also perform additional functions of investigation and research of legislative and administrative character which the courts are not prepared to perform. Without pronouncing their work to be perfect it must be said that they are supplying a want which was very imperfectly met before. Being state agencies, they can survey the entire field, deal with the subject in a comprehensive way, enforce uniform rules of practice and procedure, and establish clear-cut definitions of statutory grounds. They thus avoid the haphazard result of the variegated whims and preconceived social notions held by a variety of types of judges.

The analogy to divorce litigation is obvious. Indeed, there is much more to be said in favor of a State commission to dispose of divorce and alimony controversies than can be said in favor of industrial commissions.

At present, in some of our larger cities, courts of domestic relations have been established, in which divorce cases are intermingled with cases involving guardianship of juveniles, desertion, non-support, et cetera. In our small cities divorce litigation competes for place on the docket with matters of general jurisdiction, and in both courts it is given inadequate attention.

The judge's immediate concern is, of course, to do justice between two rebellious, discordant spouses and make a wise disposition of the property and children of the marriage failure. This is the prime consideration, but closely secondary to this should be the study of the causes which have led up to the failure,

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in order that, by study of the causes of a large number of failures, a few social laws may be evolved which can explain and in time eliminate some of the causes of divorce. This the courts as now organized are utterly unable to do. This a commission could do.

In a country where universities, philanthropic foundations, and corporations have spent enormous sums in subjecting almost every important scientific and social problem to intensive research, divorce remains one vital subject of which no really intensive study has ever been made. We have studied such difficult and dreadful ills as cholera, malaria, hookworm, cancer, and leprosy and made giant strides toward curing them. We have collected a body of information about war and have devised methods calculated to prevent it. We have studied crime and poverty, delinquency and various other forces which are working havoc in society. But divorce remains one social ill of which we know comparatively nothing.

The reason is that we have scant facilities for study. If, instead of crowding divorce cases into courts which have no room for them, and imposing them upon judges who do not want them, we could create a tribunal having facilities for investigating the circumstances leading to divorce as well as authority to render decisions, with how much more wisdom we could meet this problem.

A recent writer has said that in the social sciences every investigator is confronted by two great problems. He has first to unearth his facts and second to assign a scheme of values to them. A commission operating over a large territorial jurisdiction, dealing with large numbers of divorces, and with power to make minute inquiries into the antecedent history of the parties and facilities for tabulating the information could do just this.

In saying this I am not condemning the courts but rather calling attention to a condition which has advanced so insidiously that society never felt any distinct shock. For fifty years the evil has grown and the agitation with it, but each year has been so little different from the year preceding that there has been no urgent call for judicial reform.

We know that marriage is part of the basis of social science, but, although enough books and treatises have been written on the subject to make a comfortable library, the authors have dealt with the subject largely in the abstract and from the view-point of moral philosophizing, with very little authentic data to demonstrate the soundness of their theories. The few books which have been written by judges of wide experience in divorce litigation have also been so warped and tinctured by their preconceived notions that they are of little or no value.

We know, too, that the health and moral vigor of the commonwealth depend upon a sane and uniform solution of domestic problems and that the confidence of present and future generations in the integrity of the institution of marriage rests in large measure upon the decisions which judges are handing down to-day in New York and Denver, in Ridgville Corners and Cherry Center.

Knowing these things we fail to realize that an organized, systematic effort is needed to get behind the superficial grounds of divorce to the inciting causes.

Just what do we know—really know—about divorce? We know the statutory grounds for divorce in each State. For example, South Carolina recog-

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nizes no grounds for divorce. New York recognizes one ground—adultery. California has five grounds for divorce. New Hampshire has ten. Indeed so great is the disparity of laws among the States on this subject that a man may be held to be single in one State, married in another, divorced in a third, and a bigamist in a fourth. Favorite grounds among the forty-eight legislatures are gross neglect, extreme cruelty, desertion, and drunkenness. We possess, too, certain statistics about divorce—we know, for instance, that 184,691 divorces were granted in this country in 1926. Statutory grounds and statistics —these exhaust our sources of actual knowledge.

We do not know the causes of divorce —and so we satisfy our curiosity by asking judges, clergymen, social workers, etc., to give us their opinions. We can only guess at its effect upon our national home life. We have only the most theoretical notions of possible cures for it and have devised hardly any new methods of coping with it.

Even the grounds for divorce, the most specific pieces of information we possess, are all but meaningless. If the thousands of couples who dissolve their marital bonds do so for the reasons the statute-book specifies, the reflection upon our social order is dark indeed. To lump the many subtle and complicated reasons why men and women do not find happiness together under the crass headings of cruelty, habitual drunkenness, gross neglect, and adultery is so absurd that we do not even debate its absurdity. We know so well that legal grounds are blanket terms which conveniently disguise the real cause of divorce that we are hardly struck by the shallowness of our legal gesturing.

A woman goes to her lawyer for advice as to how to proceed in getting a divorce. The lawyer, after probing deeply into her married life, finds no evidence that her husband has had scandalous relations with other women; none that he ever became intoxicated, or failed to support her, or deserted, or even struck or mistreated her. He simply has ceased to love her and, by his constant fault-finding, nagging, and ill temper makes her life unendurable. Loss of love and ill temper are not statutory grounds for divorce in this State, but extreme cruelty is. What, then, does the lawyer do? He files a petition for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty.

Neither he, nor the witnesses who testify, nor the judge who grants the divorce believes that extreme cruelty is the fundamental cause of the breakdown of that marriage. But the court is not equipped with the machinery to inquire into the real, inciting cause which led to the failure of this marriage. The only inquiry of the judge is whether the contract has been breached in the one particular which has been named as a ground. If the evidence is sufficient on this one point, he grants the divorce and has no further concern in the matter. Nor, if the evidence is sufficient, has he facilities for inquiring or proving whether or not it has been manufactured. He accepts the evidence as it is presented before him.

It is perhaps not too much to say that in the majority of divorce trials the evidence is manipulated for the purpose of bringing it within the requirements of the law. Considering, then, the hollow sham of which most divorce trials consist, it is no wonder that we have so little fundamental information concerning the causes of the failure of marriage.

In lieu of information we naturally

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have a variety of opinions. Some authorities say that immorality is the most prevalent cause of divorce; others hold that it is caused by instability of character, or the new economic freedom of women, or lawlessness, or selfishness, or marriage between the unfit and immature. Each commentator, after observing a few dozen or a few hundred unhappy marriages, subjects his impressions to the prejudices and preconceived opinions which he has already acquired and then brings forth an opinion, tinctured by the cynicism or sentimentalism, the optimism or indignation, that his own peculiar mental quirks may dictate. Unhappily, until married couples are studied dispassionately, objectively, and thoroughly enough to substitute facts for impressions we will never arrive at the real causes of divorce. And this can never be done as long as divorce cases are tried in courts of general jurisdiction.

If the 184,691 men and women who were granted divorces in 1926, instead of swearing to a previously concocted story in a public court-room as they did, had had an opportunity to recount the sincere and detailed story of their married lives (in private and in confidence) to trained and sympathetic auditors, what a valuable body of information that would be! Or, if even one forty-eighth of this number had done so, how illuminating that would be for future guidance!

We could then check up on the reformers who tell us that this or that circumstance of modern civilization is the cause of the disintegration of family life. It may be that those who hold that the marriages of the young and frivolous are soonest broken will learn that those who marry a decade later, after habits are fixed, are no more successful. Those who hold that the restlessness of the modern job-holding wife is a main cause of divorce may learn that home-keeping wives seek divorces more frequently. Those who hold that immorality causes the majority of divorces may find that mental uncongeniality takes precedence of sexual mismating. Those who blame the wives may learn that it is the fault-finding or jealous husband who causes the most rifts. We could learn whether poverty or wealth is more conducive to a happy marriage. We could study the effect of disparity of age, of religious beliefs, of education and mental attainments.

Then, instead of fumbling in the dark as they now do, legislatures would have light to guide them in making divorce laws. They would then be in a position to decide with a degree of wisdom whether or not one uniform federal law would be preferable to forty-eight contradictory State laws.

If, instead of a limited number of divorces being heard by a large number of judges, a large number of cases could be heard by a single tribunal, opportunities for social research would be afforded whereby all these questions could be answered. We could then look at our domestic order with understanding eyes, and, understanding ourselves, we could perhaps in some measure correct in the next generation those faults in our home life, in our habits of thinking and living, which have led to our troubles in this generation.

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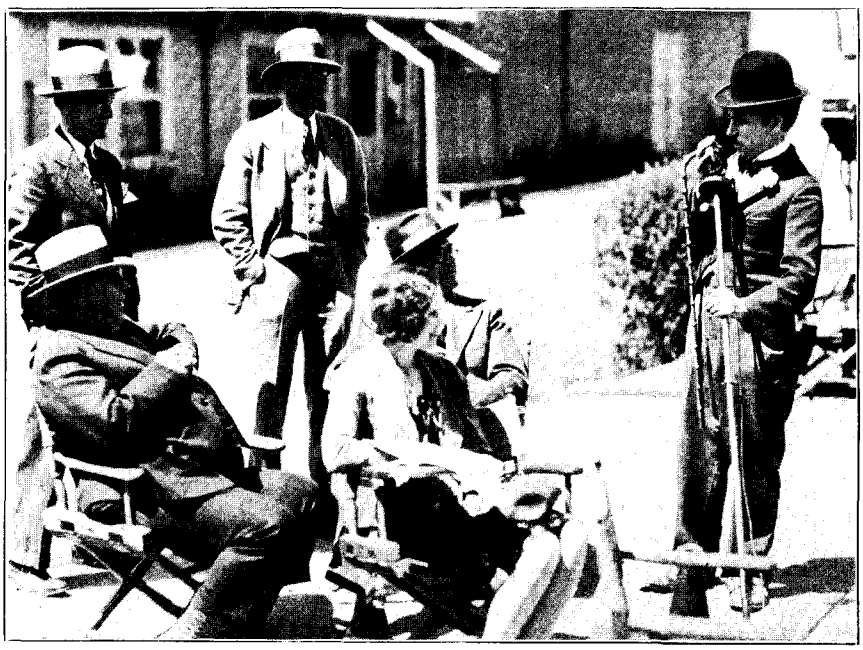
A Study in Contrasts.

Left—The most recent photograph of Charles Chaplin, showing the "well-dressed young gentleman." *Right*—"No one who sees the eyes of Chaplin could feel like laughing." A camera study.



This is Chaplin Broadcasting.

But only to his co-workers. The screen star, who refuses to go into the talkies, testing the loud-speaker he uses in directing large scenes. His friend, Henry Bergman, is seated in the foreground. Alfred Reeves, his general manager, and Carl Robinson, of the staff, standing.

—*See* "Charles Chaplin—A Portrait," by Waldo Frank, on page 237.

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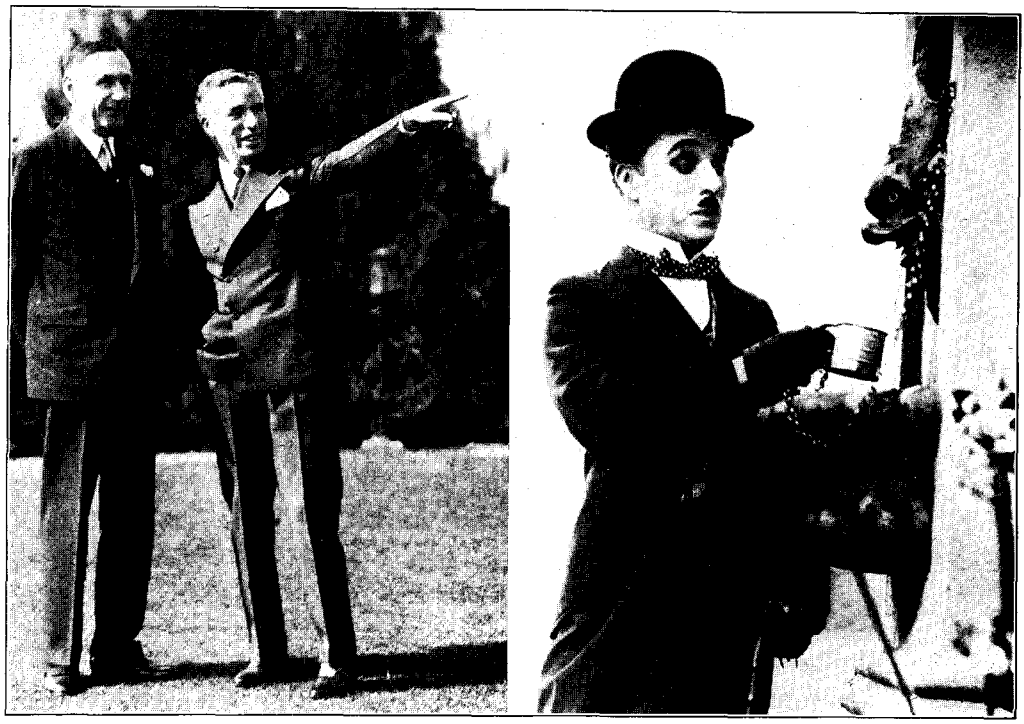

Charles Chaplin at Play and at Work.

Left—In his every-day guise, showing Alexander P. Moore, American Ambassador to Peru, around the place. *Right*—As he will appear in "City Lights," which Mr. Frank calls "the darkest story he has ever imagined."

But here's the real work. Chaplin directing. The man behind the camera is Robert Totheroh.

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The Unknown Washington

BY JOHN CORBIN

WASHINGTON'S first biographer, Weems, related that in his youth he was knocked down in an election brawl by "a little man" with a "sturdy hickory," and that, rather than fight a duel, he apologized for the word that had caused the blow. The story has been generally and properly discredited as merely traditional; but the following article presents for the first time contemporary evidence which thoroughly substantiates it. In connection with other incidents of Washington's youth, it throws a flood of light upon a character which historians have declared to be "unknown."

CHATEAUBRIAND observed in his "Voyages" that "an atmosphere of silence" enveloped the deeds of Washington, and he added: "He is not very impressive to meet." Biographers and historians, confronted by fourteen octavo volumes of his selected writings, four octavo volumes of Diaries, and masses of letters and memoranda still in manuscript, have somehow escaped the sense of taciturnity. But many of late have agreed that he is not very impressive. The most respectful and respected are scarcely more appreciative and illuminating. Channing declares that we are "even now strangely ignorant" as to "the inner man." McMaster is so nonplussed by what he takes to be inconsistencies of character that he calls Washington "an unknown man."

Surely there must be some way of dispelling this octavo-voluminous ignorance. Chateaubriand explained that Washington was unimpressive because he was "so natural and so justly proportioned." If he said little and "acted slowly" it was because "he felt that the liberties of the future were consigned to his keeping and feared lest they suffer harm." For "this hero" was "of a type new to the world." Contrasting him with Alexander, with Cæsar, with Napoleon, Chateaubriand found that he "conceived of the destinies embodied in him" as "not his own" but as "those of his country," and that he did not presume "to gamble with what was not his." He was silent because he had largely ceased to regard his own mind and will, having "blended his life with that of his people." Sophisticated moderns may find this highfalutin. Be it so. It has importance, however, as recording the fact that a contemporary observer explained Washington's unimpressiveness as result of that cardinal sin of the new psychology, self-mastery.

The idea has its incongruities. All agree that Washington was primarily a man of action. He fired the first shot in one of the world's great wars and was victorious leader of another. All agree that his will was definite and unshakable, that he had in full measure the instinct and the power of command. Resolute moderns find that he ceased to be a leader when he became President of the Constitutional Convention and that

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as President of the United States he shrank to a mere "figurehead." But in the eyes of his fellows he was successful in peace as in war, and their judgment has been confirmed in the sequel of a century. If Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon were more brilliant, it was in the way of destruction and personal aggrandizement; labors that proved constructive were mainly performed by those who came after. Washington's purpose throughout was republican and creative; and, from his day to ours, the nation over the birth of which he presided has been an inspiration and a model to free peoples throughout the world. Small opportunity there, our soul-searchers may say, for the psychology of self-suppression! Yet if we take the trouble to inquire into his inward mind and mood we may come to agree with Chateaubriand that his achievements were in inverse ratio to his doubts and hesitations. Some natures may gain strength when they give loose rein to the libido; but is there not also a type of genius that goes truest and farthest when bridled and curbed?

Washington's first biographer, Weems, related that in his youth he was knocked down in an election brawl by "a little man" wielding a "sturdy hickory" and that, rather than fight a duel, he apologized for the word that had caused the blow. In the absence of contemporary evidence, the story has been generally and quite properly discredited. Washington Irving ignored it. Henry Cabot Lodge called it "so silly and so foolishly impossible" as not to deserve "an instant's consideration." Yet Bishop Meade, browsing among Virginia parishes, traced the tradition to sources independent of Weems, though of course only traditional. The date of the incident, according to Weems, was 1754—the year of Washington's defeat and temporary disgrace at Fort Necessity. Rupert Hughes, accepting Meade's traditions, explains Washington's apology by declaring that he was "crushed into meekness" by an adverse turn of fortune. Caution suggests that the incident requires first-hand confirmation before it can be subjected to such an interpretation. This, I submit, is available—and with it added data that goes far toward illuminating the inward life of Washington, toward presenting him in the page of history as something more than an unknown man.

To gain a full sense of an encounter so dramatic, it is necessary to glance briefly over established records of the time before he underwent the discipline of unfortunate love, of perilous rebellion and responsible statesmanship. The secret springs of any mature mind are most likely to be revealed in records of youth. In his boyhood, certainly, we find little of silence and much of self-will. That story of hatchet and cherry-tree may not tell us much of Washington, but it is well worthy of attention for what it tells us of Weems. In itself it is so far from being incredible that it might have happened to any child normally active and normally honest. The only thing that rings false is the exuberant morality of a thriftily parsonical book-agent. That in essentials it is true we have now good reason to believe. A pottery mug, the glaze of which experts date before 1790 and which bears the inscription "G. W. 1776," shows the hacked cherry-tree and the hatchet with a figure clad in buff and blue. As the mug is of German manufacture, the probability is that the story was brought home by Hessians who fought in the Revolution. A letter is extant in which Weems admits embellishing and even

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concocting anecdotes in the interest of moral effect; but he was a diligent inquirer on the spot, submitted his first draft of his book to Washington, and amplified it in the years following Washington's death. Before discarding any anecdote, however mealy-mouthed and absurd the telling, we shall do well to search the voluminous scriptures.

Of far richer significance as to Washington's self-will and his wise candor is the story which Martha Washington's grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, tells of the boy's struggle with his mother's favorite horse—a blooded stallion of notoriously vicious temper. Stripped of Victorian heroics it is this: Aided by friends, the lad of perhaps fifteen years bridled the rebel and leaped astride him. The struggle was long and fierce and ended when the horse fell dead, blood gushing from his nostrils. As in the case of the cherry-tree, Washington owned up to his destructive self-will. But that is scarcely the point. The sin of the early biographers lies less in their fulsome goodness than in their blindness to the biographic and indeed moral value of what they had to tell us. In Washington's own nature there was a spirit no less full-blooded and rebellious than that stallion; and, in the long course of years, he rode it down—all but killed it.

Two incidents of his frontier years present the young man in attitudes as different from each other as they are from anything we can associate with the Commander-in-Chief of rebellion and the President of the Republic. The first is a tradition handed down in the countryside where he first surveyed land for Lord Fairfax and then, in command of a Falstaffian army, endeavored to protect the settlers from savage butchery. Though not recorded until 1926, it is thoroughly in accord with what we know of the unlicked cub. Having ordered a drink at the bar of a tavern in what is now Martinsburg, West Virginia, he found that he had no money and tendered a coonskin. The change came in rabbitskins, said to have numbered one hundred and fifty-eight. Confronted by this unwieldy heap, and possibly warmed by his liquor, Washington stood treat to all comers until the last rabbit-scut disappeared behind the bar. An eighteenth century diarist quotes Alexander Hamilton to the effect that Washington had a strong head for liquor—and exercised it daily. Records of the cellar at Mount Vernon make it easy to believe.

In striking contrast with this roughly humorous hail-fellow of the frontier tavern is the colorful splendor which the young soldier donned when, as commander of the Virginia forces after Braddock's defeat, he made a journey of state to Boston. He and his two captains were clad in the blue coats of their colonial uniform. Washington had a white and scarlet cloak—his family colors—and a sword-knot of red and gold. The trappings of his horse were of the best London make, stamped with the Washington arms, and his two black servants wore silver-laced hats and were dressed in the Washington white and scarlet. In New York he lingered ten days, beguiled by dinners and routs and the raree-show of "the Microcosm or World in Miniature"—perhaps also by the charms of Miss Mary Philipse, belle and heiress of the beautiful Manor at Yonkers, whom his New York friends later urged him in vain to besiege matrimonially. Beneath all this color and gaiety there was, however, a serious purpose not unconnected with the rebellion of twenty years later. A Maryland Captain of fifty men, alleging a royal commis-

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sion, had refused to take orders from the Colonel in command of the frontier. Washington was now bent on having the Commander-in-Chief, Governor Shirley of Massachusettes, place Colonial officers on a parity with officers commissioned by the King. In this he failed, maugre all his scarlet and blue and gold, though he put an end to the pretensions of the upstart Marylander.

In the quest of his inward nature, the nature that was eventually suppressed, his diaries afford evidence at once luminous and baffling. They are daily jottings; and, though they were not kept in the years of greatest stress, they extend from early boyhood almost to the end.

Not the least of the contradictions, indeed paradoxes, of his character is this: he wrote daily with an interest in life that seems unquenchable and was living at the very vortex of intellectual and political change, yet he recorded virtually nothing of the great men that surrounded him, nothing of the great events that enveloped him, nothing of the great emotions that swayed him. All is superficial—mere matter of fact. During a recess in the Constitutional Convention in the Summer of 1787, he went to Valley Forge with Gouverneur Morris; and, while Morris was whipping the river for trout, he "rid over the old Cantonment of the American army." From the Constitution to Valley Forge—from Valley Forge to the Constitution! He writes no word of what either meant to him personally or to the cause of liberty. But, falling in with "some Farmers at Work," he received and set down at length "the following information with respect to the mode of cultivating Buck Wheat."

If ever an emotion breaks into those pragmatical diaries it is of the trivial sort. Visiting his friend George Fairfax, he heard something of a neighbor with whom he had dealings which "convinced me that he was nothing less than a thorough pacd. Rascall." There is often a touch of sardonic humor. "Here I was informed that Colo. Cocke [a comrade of frontier soldiering] was disgusted at my House, and left because he see an old Negroe there resembling his own Image." He describes in abhorrent detail the meagreness of the supper at an Alexandria Assembly, tells how he twitted the hosts of the occasion on their stinginess, and concludes: "I shall therefore distinguish this Ball by the Stile and title of the Bread and Butter Ball." Reading the endless pages, one is constantly reminded of Gilbert Stuart's anecdote. The painter despaired of finding in that composed and quiet face any expression of the qualities which the whole world knew and might reasonably expect in a portrait—until, on an afternoon walk, the two met a farmer who had tried to overreach Washington in some small trade. At the sight of him, the spirit of the general and the President leaped forth from his features—and so became fixed for posterity.

If historians and biographers have been less fortunate than Gilbert Stuart in seeing what lay beneath the masque, it is because they have been somewhat less watchful. In proportion as they have struggled free from the sentimental and awestruck Victorian legend, they have tended to the conclusion that Washington was merely pragmatical—void of imagination and meditative mood, void of the inward life of the spirit. So far as this conclusion is based on the diaries, it is a non sequitur. They were written merely, as Washington notes, "in aid of my memory," which he seems always to have mistrusted.

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When they record his journeys and public missions, or what he called "Observations" and "Memorandums" as to weather, crops and cattle, this is obvious. It is scarcely less so in the case of his record of the arrival and departure of guests at Mount Vernon, which is as full and accurate—and almost as extensive—as a hotel register. One would prefer, of course, a Journal Intime in the manner of Amiel, but that was not the intention.

Of a different nature are the multitude of such entries as the following: "Fox huntg. in my own Neck . . . catchd nothing." "Started a Fox and run him four hours. Took the Hounds off at Night." "At home all day at cards —it snowing." It has not been sufficiently observed that these trivial personal entries are mainly confined to a peculiar series of diaries, interleaved in current almanacs, which began in 1768, ten years after his marriage, and was cut short by the Revolution. From the outset they are headed: "Where & How my Time is Spent"; then "With Whom" is added. Why this sudden interest in the details of his personal life—an interest emphasized by the caption under which they are written? One can only collocate the outstanding facts.

The decade just finished had been the happiest of his life. Throughout the eight years of the Revolution and the eight years of his Presidency, the memory of the sports and friends of his Virginia countryside haunted and beckoned to him as fame had never done, though he had been public-spirited and ambitious above most young men. But they had been destitute of the achievement which had marked his boyhood and, when he was twenty-one, had made him famous in two hemispheres. At thirty-six, middle age confronted him—the decline of life, as it must have seemed. For years he had carefully balanced in his ledger the income and outgo of money. Had he come to realize that it is important also to keep track of where, how, and with whom time is spent? That is a meditation of some moment. Yet we should probably have had no record of it if he had not felt it needful to fix his mind on the record—needful, perhaps, to prompt his own modesty to record facts merely personal. No sooner was he drawn again into important public service than these reminders of the debits and credits of time vanish—and were not resumed in the diaries of his years of worldwide fame.

One recurring entry in the almanac diaries may have a special significance as to his inner life: "At home all day alone," or "Spent the evening in my room." Frequently the word "writing" is added—and indeed he must have spent eons over quill and paper; but quite as frequently it is absent. Assuredly one so conscious of the defects of his education and so deeply interested in public affairs must have done some reading and thinking. That he bought current political pamphlets we know from his ledgers. Several of the famous books of the day are extant with marginal comments in his hand, notably John Adams's "Defence of the American Constitutions" and Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." But it must be admitted that reading does not figure in the record of time spent.

It can scarcely be maintained, however, that he was destitute of inward life, a stranger to meditation. His mental processes may not have been closely articulated; certainly he had only moderate skill in phrasing them. Yet a close reading of the record will show, I think, that few men of action have been more given to sessions of silent thought. Thus,

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when the army threatened sedition at Newburgh, in 1783, he wrote in a letter that for months he had "meditated" on the problem of making it subordinate still to the civil authority, to Congress. When the Constitutional Convention ended, he recorded in his diary: "I returned to my lodgings . . . and retired to meditate on the momentous w[or]k which had been executed." What would we not give for a record of that meditation!

In some measure his failure as a diarist may be attributable to the very intensity of his emotional life. Not every nature is subdued by the rituals of expression. Those that are, in all probability, are essentially not passional but artistic. To give a loose rein to a temperament truly passional is to redouble rather than to allay the explosive force. Washington, certainly, never ceased in his effort to ride down the wild horses; and the few instances in which he failed are evidence enough that in doing so he was wise.

The following letter is one of them. The Colonel Muse to whom it is addressed had been a fellow officer of his elder brother Lawrence in the Cartagena campaign, had instructed the boy George in the art military, and had served with him at Fort Necessity in 1754. But he had there shown the white feather and was now (1774) rudely inappreciative of Washington's efforts to secure bounty lands for his former fellow soldiers. Sparks obscured the letter in a footnote and, as usual, obliterated its most offensive passages. Ford copied Sparks verbatim—without credit or discredit to Sparks. Here is the true text.

Sir,—Your impertinent letter was delivered to me yesterday. As I am not accustomed to receive such from any man, nor would have taken the same language from you personally, without letting you feel some marks of my resentment, I advise you to be cautious in writing me a second of the same tenor; for though I understand you were drunk when you did it, yet give me leave to tell you that drunkenness is no excuse for rudeness. But for your stupidity and sottishness you might have known, by attending to the public gazette, that you had your full quantity of ten thousand acres of land allotted you. . . .

But suppose you had really fallen short, do you think your superior merit entitles you to greater indulgence than others? Or, if it did, that I was to make it good to you? . . . All my concern is that I ever engaged myself in behalf of so ungrateful and dirty a fellow as you are. . . .

That Washington in his forty-third year could address such language to an old and unfortunate friend is a biographic fact of moment. The light of character, as the greatest of portrait painters knew, is best seen against its appropriate shadow. But the letter is chiefly significant in its bearing upon the unsolved problem of the little man and his sturdy hickory.

In 1754, according to Weems, he "became warm" in an election dispute with one William Payne and "said something that offended" him; "whereupon the little gentleman, who, though a cub in *size,* was the old lion in heart, raised his sturdy hickory, and, at a single blow, brought our hero to the ground." Though Washington was a young man and an officer, he made no resistance, even quelling soldiers of his regiment who swarmed to avenge him; and on

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the following day, over a decanter of wine, he apologized for what he had said. Weems makes this the text for a preachment against duelling which might drive a normal man to coffee and pistols for two.

Here we shall find an illustration of the importance of chronology. In 1754 Washington was, as Hughes notes, under the cloud of his capitulation at Fort Necessity. To return a soft answer would have been extremely embarrassing, perhaps beyond even his moral courage. A year later, the laurels won on Braddock's field were green on his brow. In the eyes of the judicious, an act of magnanimity would appear as such. Fortunately there is contemporary evidence of the first order which places the election brawl in 1755—and incidentally clears up another problem, that of Washington's entry into political life. On December 23d of that year, his enthusiastic comrade, Major Adam Stephen, wrote his absent chief from Fort Cumberland, where their regiment was stationed:

Dr Sir

Such a Spirit of Revenge and Indignation prevailed here, upon hearing you were insulted at the Fairfax Election, that we all were ready and violent to run and tear Your Enemies to pieces. As I imagine myself interested in all that Concerns you, I cannot forbear telling you that it would have been far better to have acquainted me with your Intention of Standing Candidate for Frederick, my acquaintance there is very general, and I would touchd on the tender part So gently, that with a Weeks Notice, I am perfectly sure you would have gone Unanimously, in the mean time I think your Poll was not despicable, as the people were a stranger to your purpose, Untill the Election began. . . .

According to Hughes, this "strongly indicates" that, on first standing for the Virginia House of Burgesses, Washington "was not only defeated but insulted." We are to believe that Colonel Stephen was so moved to "revenge" by a mere political mischance, and by one in which "your Poll was not despicable," as to be "ready and violent to run and tear Your Enemies to pieces." But it will be observed that two elections are here mentioned—one in Fairfax, home county of Washington and George Fairfax, the other in Frederick, the county beyond the Blue Ridge where Washington's regiment was stationed and where Stephen speaks of him as a candidate. What the letter "indicates" is that the insult occurred in Fairfax County and the political defeat in Frederick. A new paragraph after the first sentence would make this clear.

Further light is thrown on the situation by a letter which Washington wrote to his brother John in the preceding May (1755). He remarks that a Mr. Alexander, doubtless of the family from whom Alexandria was named, "intends to decline serving" in the House of Burgesses, and he asks John to "come at Colo. Fairfax's intentions, and let me know whether he proposes to offer himself as a candidate." He adds that Fairfax's brother-in-law, John Carlyle, had said "in a bantering way," that "he did not know but they might send me, when I might know nothing of the matter, from one or t'other of the counties." If George Fairfax had stood for Fairfax County in 1754, as Weems says, he must have been defeated; and, now that he might be elected (as he actually was)

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his neighbor and friend would scarcely have been making eyes at the constituency. In point of fact there was no election in 1754, that of 1755 being the first in three years.

The situation that thus emerges is quite simple and natural. Finding that his friend was to run in Fairfax, Washington either transferred his candidacy to Frederick or—what is more probable—his backers "when he might know nothing of the matter" nominated him for "t'other" county. In either case he let the office seek the man, not even informing Adam Stephen of his candidacy, and went to Fairfax to work for his friend.

As for Parson Weems, he himself is authority for the statement that in the interest of moral and dramatic effect he dealt freely with matters of fact. His error of a year was doubtless unintentional; but in his eyes there was a reason enough for transporting Washington's regiment across the Blue Ridge and with it the murderous rage of such as Adam Stephen. As to the basic fact, this story, like that of the cherry-tree, is true. Warmed by election cheer, Washington's petulant violence swung loose for a moment—and so did the hickory stick of doughty William Payne. Then, night having brought counsel, Washington decided not to challenge the little man but to make him suitable amends. The two became friends, and in after life the man who was six foot three smilingly introduced little Payne to Mrs. Washington as the man who had knocked him down. During the Revolution as is well known, he cajoled Lafayette out of a duel. If he had lived, he might well have dissuaded Hamilton from exposing himself to the murderous Burr. Now, thanks to Bishop Meade, to the long neglected rodomontade of Adam Stephen, and to a small matter of chronology, we are able to trace Washington's moral and spiritual mood far back into his crude and turbulent youth. During that night between the election brawl and his apology, we may be sure, his meditation was intense; only through the sessions of silent thought does pride such as his rise to such a height.

"The tender part" to which Adam Stephen refers will afford considerable balm to those who find it hard to live always on the heights of moral and spiritual control, and is indeed essential to a full-length portrait, properly shaded, of Washington's youth. As military commander he had alienated local horse-dealers, who tried to cheat the government, and tavern-keepers bent on selling liquor to his men; he was strictly efficient, moderately dry—and defeated at the polls. But as a politician on the occasion of his second candidacy (1758), he loosened up and was very wet indeed—and triumphant—supplying rum punch, wine, etc., at the rate of a quart and a half each for a total of 794 voters. Still he retained a certain sense of responsibility. Confronted by the staggering bill, he wrote: "I hope no exception was taken to any that voted against me, but that all were alike treated, and all had enough. It is what I much desired." This situation is very humanly and amusingly treated by R. T. Barton in Collections of the Virginia Historical Society, and by Hughes. Barton speaks of a previous election in Frederick in which Washington got only 40 votes, as against 270 and 271 respectively for his opponents. He gives the date as 1757 without citing his authority. Doubtless it was 1755—the election Adam Stephen refers to in which his "Poll was not despicable." Hughes seems certainly right in giving

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1755—the year of Washington's great glory on Braddock's field, of Adam Stephen's letter, and of the election brawl in Fairfax County—as the date of his earliest candidacy.

Historians who find themselves nonplussed by such trivial anecdotes as the one Gilbert Stuart related may well fix their minds instead upon the full text of the letter to Colonel Muse and upon the sturdy hickory of William Payne. A nature thus quick and passionate may be broken to bit and bridle but is scarcely to be extinguished. "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." As late as his Presidency, certainly, Washington had still to contend with volcanic rages. His conduct on hearing of St. Clair's defeat by the Indians in 1791 strikingly illustrates his progress in self-control. We have two accounts. They are second hand, but both are based on the report of Tobias Lear, Washington's secretary and sole witness of the scene. In essentials they are identical. The American army had been surprised in its camp and cut to pieces—and Washington, mindful of the harsh lesson of his youth, had especially instructed St. Clair to guard against surprises. The news came when he was at dinner with a considerable company. He left the table, read the despatch and returned. Custis writes: "No change was perceptible in his countenance." Richard Rush adds that when the company passed to the drawing-room the President "spoke courteously to every lady in the room, as was his custom." When he was alone with Lear, he still struggled for self-control—"walked backward and forward for some minutes" without speaking, and with no change from the calm in his face. But presently Lear "perceived emotion." "This rising in him, he broke out suddenly" in bitter lamentations. In a renewed effort at self-control, he "walked about the room several times, agitated but saying nothing." Then "he stopped short and stood still a few seconds, when his wrath became terrible." Custis says that, "in a paroxysm of anguish," he struck his fists against his forehead "with fearful force," Rush that "more than once he threw up his hands as he hurled imprecations upon St. Clair." As we should say, he cursed and swore. "O God, God!" are the words which Rush attributes to him. Then he sat down. "He seemed conscious of his passion and uncomfortable. He was silent. . . . At length he said, in an altered voice, 'This must not go beyond this room.' " After another and longer pause, "in a tone quite low," he said: "General St. Clair shall have full justice." In point of fact, St. Clair had that and more—sympathy for his "misfortune" and a renewal of Washington's friendship.

Such emotions, such sudden transitions to contrary moods, far transcend the literary possibilities of a diary. In public debate also, the man who is subject to them is well advised to keep silent. But the fact that Washington was such a man explains many things. It explains his love of tragic acting—evident in ledger items for tickets bought and also in frequent quotations from Addison's "Cato" and from the plays of Shakespeare, especially "Hamlet," which gleam from his workaday correspondence. Above everything it explains the influence he exerted from the first over an entire people—who, unimpressed by the most intellectual discourse, have somehow a way of knowing when silence is golden.

Thanks to such repressions, such silences, his conduct was simple and straightforward always; but his inward nature, as seen in the records of his

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youth and in stray glimpses into the passions of maturity, was at once richer and more complicated than that of any of the brilliant and versatile group with whom he surrounded himself. It must always be kept in mind that he was primarily not cerebral but instinctive. Men who are able to subject their emotions to critical analysis and intelligent control achieve a certain consistency of character, even harmony of impulse. Such mastery as Washington asserted over his passions was primarily the mastery of will. The result was a fulness of nature, and an array of inward contradictions, which many or most of us, for better or for worse, outgrow with childhood. None of his fellows was so unlearned or so wise. None was so robust in pride or so deeply and sincerely humble. None had sterner resentments, or a kindlier tolerance of his enemies. None was so reckless in personal bravery or so cautious where the fate of the nation was at stake. None had so lofty a power of command or such subservience to legitimate authority. None devoted himself to the service of his country so ardently and so prominently, and none was so nearly destitute of personal ambition. None was outwardly so placid, even cold, or inwardly so warmly emotional. Yet, viewed in perspective, this nature in which all the vast primeval forces struggled ceaselessly for sway was so harmonious and so clear that the rank and file of his ragged army, the prentice and the plowboy, understood and revered it.

There was a loss, no doubt, when explosive loquacity gave way to silence, when the turbulent rages of that glorious boy were tamed. In the exultation of his first fight on the frontier he wrote to his brother John: "I have heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound." Fortunately or unfortunately, the letter found its way at once into print. The gossiping Horace Walpole described it as "rodomontade" and called young Washington "a brave braggart." George II had a truer sense of it, remarking that Washington "would not say so if he had been used to hear many bullets." He did not say so, in fact, when, at Braddock's Defeat, four tore through his coat and two horses were shot under him—nor yet at the retreat from Manhattan when, in an agony of despair at the cowardice of his raw troops and their officers, he sought death from a British musket until his aides dragged him away.

An acquaintance once asked him if it was true that he found charm in the whistling of bullets. "If I said so," he answered, "it was when I was young." Yet the self-subdued hero of the Revolution, whose destinies were not his own, may well have spoken "quietly," as Washington Irving surmised, thinking backward on what his youth had been.

[To be followed in October with "Washington and Sally Fairfax" by Mr. Corbin.]

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The Passing of the Street Cry

BY JOHN J. NILES
Author of "Singing Soldiers"

THE itinerant vender of wares is many times a business genius in disguise. He also leads a hard life. Small boys bawl insults at him. Ambitious policemen ask him embarrassing questions, while housewives look upon him as an omen of bad luck—an ogre to be chased off by vicious dogs and shrill invectives. Withstanding all these vicissitudes, he endured for centuries. But, alas! the modern invention of the chain store and the quick-delivery delicatessen has dealt the itinerant vender of wares a body blow. As the years pass he becomes a less frequent visitor.

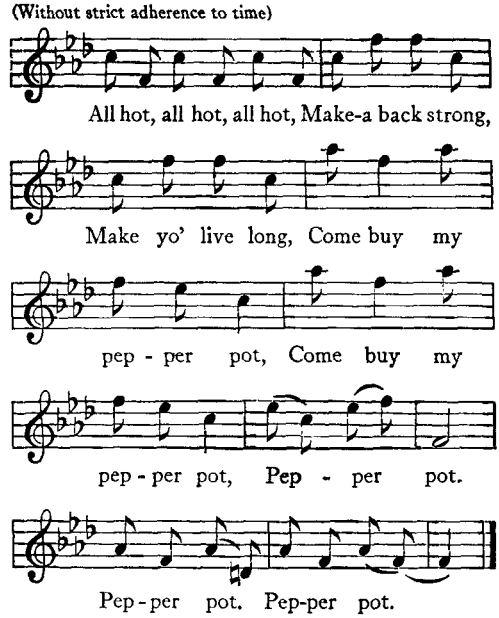
Who would think of buying pepper-pot soup from an old negro mammy, who trudges along with a steaming caldron, crying "Peppery pot," when a soup of the same name can be had in neat tin cans—tin cans to be put away on the pantry-shelf to await consumption? I, for one, would like very much to buy pepper-pot soup from the old negro mammy, but I'm not given the opportunity. The mammy is dead. And her call is dead, too. The tin-can industry, as related to soup distribution, possibly broke her heart. One of these old negresses called her wares in the lower ranges of her voice. The word "peppery" was pronounced first. Then a few steps were taken and finally out came the word "pot." Another did a high coloratura wail, not unlike some of the passages in the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

But the most interesting of all the soup-calls was the one which boldly declared curative value of the potion. According to a safe tradition, it had one very blue note, near the end of the call, and was always in the minor key.

All hot, all hot, all hot,*
Make-a back strong,
Make yo' live long,
Come buy my pepper pot,
Pepper pot.†

PEPPER POT

(Without strict adherence to time)


All hot, all hot, all hot, Make-a back strong,
Make yo' live long, Come buy my
pep - per pot, Come buy my
pep - per pot, Pep - per pot.
Pep - per pot. Pep-per pot.

Among other singing soup-salesmen there is a negro whose legend still exists, although he disappeared in 1894. During the great days of the steamboat trade he operated his little soup-pot and his fried-fish stand on the levee at Cincin-

*This first statement was often repeated many times.
†The blue note is in the last line.

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nati, Ohio. His name was "Pollard." He sold bean soup mostly. His customers were negro roustabouts. He attracted his trade with the following call:

Soupy, soupy, soupy, soupy,
Soupy of de little white bean.

But when the big flood of 1894 receded old Uncle Pollard was gone. No one ever saw him after that. My father tells me that his call sounded slightly as if he were calling hogs. It is also very much like the mocking song the doughboys sing to the mess-call in the United States army:

Soupy, soupy, soupy,
Without a single bean,
Porky, porky, porky,
Without a strip of lean.

But the itinerant fishmongers supply endless material where the soup-salesmen fall down. Almost every city in America has its legend of unique fish-calls; that is, wherever fishing or the sale of fish gives the hawkers a job.

For some unknown reason most oystermen who still stick to singing their wares use the major keys in a most unsentimental manner. From Boston comes the legend of a night-time oyster-salesman who sang his tune on one note. It must have been something like this:

Chiny oy, Chiny oy, Chiny oy.

How China became entangled in the shell-fish business is so far unexplained.

There is another oyster-call which comes from the southland that in a way resembles an army bugle call. The caller was a white fellow who long since had given up shaving or washing. He believed only in the appeal to the ear—not the appeal to the eye—and from the volume of business he enjoyed one might have agreed with his psychology. He pronounced the word oyster as if it were spelled "oystees":

Oystees salt, oystees, oh salt oystees, oh.

Two notable examples of how the fishmongers (aside from oystermen) go in for the minor keys come from southern Atlantic cities. One is a porgy-fish call and attempts to describe the noble fish in a very detailed manner, while the other plays on the personality of the salesman. First we have the "porgy" call:

A minor.
Porgy walk, porgy talk,
Porgy eat wif a knife and a fork,
Get your nice porgy.

Then we have George's call. He sold flounder, mullet, bass, swordfish, and shark steaks:

George, George, George, George,
My name's George—fish man.
Shark steaks for dem what likes 'em,
Swordfish for dem what fights 'em,
George, George, George, George,
My name's George.
Flounder, mullet, bass.

The famous old negro honey man of Charleston died a short while ago. He used to say:

I'se got honey, yes ma'am, I'se got honey,
Honey right frum de comb.

The honey man in Knoxville, Tenn., however, had a more poetic imagination. He declared himself as follows:

Honey, honey—wild, tame, light 'er dark,
Sweet as de juice of de hickory bark.
Honey! Honey!

(But his statement about hickory bark is not based on fact. Hickory-bark juice is a dark-brown liquid possessing no sweetness of its own, but when sweetened with sorghum or sugar, it so nearly resembles maple syrup that many backwoods folks prefer it.)

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A great many years ago, in Louisville, Ky., there lived a strange old fellow known to the younger generation as "Bony Miser Rockfish." No one seems to know the origin of the name. Bony was a ragpicker—a recluse and a symbol of all that was dark and terrible and sinister. It was Bony Miser Rockfish who came after bad little children in lieu of the hobgoblins. Bony lived in a house made of small sections of scrap tin, and, as well as I can remember, my grandfather was one of the few people who ever entered Bony's shack. They had been engaged in the same war back in the sixties.

Bony had an undiscovered past. He had once belonged to a "first family." But when I knew him he drove a very much dilapidated mule to a rickety wagon and cried a quarter-tone rag cry, which I have never been able to forget:

Rags, ole iron, and copper and brass, and copper and brass.
Oh rags, and iron and copper and brass,
Ugh, huh, oh rags!

RAG MAN

(Without strict adherence to time)

I joined my ten-year-old contemporaries and threw tomatoes at Bony Miser Rockfish, and Bony stood up in his rickety cart and cursed all children. This also amused us no end. But fate played a trick on me. Five years later I was calling wares myself and having odd articles thrown at me by the next generation of trouble-hunters. I became an assistant cider-salesman in a street fair. We sold great beakers of hard cider for five cents. The business was good and we did well as long as my employer was able to stand up, but the alcoholic content of the cider interfered with business, so I joined a collar-button man, the cider man being meanwhile in jail.

The apple juice was sold to this doggerel:

Cider hard, cider clear,
More for your nickel, better than beer.

But the collar-button man was from Chicago and had the big-city idea of double meaning. His call went as follows:

What's a ship without a sail,
What's a shirt without a [long pause] collar button?

(In those long-ago days the word "tail" was just a little off the beaten track of well-bred English.)

The most efficient call in that street fair (from a commercial point of view) came from the man who owned a ball-throwing concession. He had engaged a young black boy to put his head through a canvas curtain. Baseballs were sold at the rate of three for a nickel to be thrown at the lad's head. It was a vicious procedure—one which would surely not be encouraged in this modern day of uprightness and vice supression-by-the-book. The negro dodged baseballs to the following ballyhoo:

Nigger, nigger, never die,
Black face and shiny eye,
Give that nigger's head a dent,
Get a silver fifty cents.

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The words "dent" and "cents" were supposed to rhyme. The man who owned this concession wore a suit of large black-and-white checked material and smoked very black cigars. Two professional ball-players came to the fair one afternoon and dented the negro's head and the boss's pocketbook for ten dollars. The ball-players were white about it; they gave the negro half of the winnings, but he was fired that night.

Since 1500, street cries have been used as musical material. In that year Clement Jannequin (whose home was originally in Holland) wrote a very pretty madrigal based on the street cries of Paris. Copies of it can be seen at the Bibliothèque Nationale. A hundred years or so later an English composer wrote a rather dull piece of chamber music based on the call of the "Mad Boy of Edinburgh [Scotland]." According to history, the mad boy was a beggar who sang six measures of music about "fat meat being bonny and good to eat." Thereupon the gentry chipped in with a few farthings to buy the beggar boy some fat meat. Copies of the mad-boy composition are still extant—very dim now, but still legible.

Since then the music of the itinerant vender has found its way into all forms of serious composition—piano suites, symphonies, and operas. In the latter classification we have one very well-known example, namely, the street music in "Louise," written by Gustave Charpentier and produced in 1900.

The American negro, however, has given our own street cries a very definite quality all their own. Take, for example, the old mammy (Aunt Efel) who used to sell love-powders on court-days in Cheapside, Lexington, Ky. She's gone now, and her husband, who preached some terrifying "hell-fur-sartin" brand of religion, is gone too. But Aunt Efel's call remains:

> Oh love powders! Snake eye for charm.
> Lucky bones. Bury 'em under doorstep.
> Oh love powders! Aunt Efel sells 'em.
> Snake eyes for charm. Oh love powders!

And she had customers too. I bought love-powders of Aunt Efel—not to use for their original purpose but to encourage more singing on the part of old Efel. Just across the way from Aunt Efel's stand was a vicious-looking person brandishing a pair of dentist's forceps. He bawled: "Out wid 'em! Out wid 'em." He pulled teeth on court-days for two bits. He was known as "Molar, the tooth-master." Molar had a forerunner. Not that it matters to Molar particularly, but a great many, many years ago there was an itinerant tooth-puller who walked the streets of London town and in a very gentle manner announced himself as "Kind Heart, the tooth-drawer." But the Americans are said to be a more sturdy race; they rather glory in a public display of suffering without a single flinch. When court-day was over I noticed a large spot of blood on the sidewalk, which gave evidence of a successful day's tooth-pulling. Molar operated in Louisville, Ky., occasionally; his stand was on the corner of 6th and Market Streets, where he pulled teeth by the light of a gasoline flare.

Elsewhere I have attributed the famous sassafras jail-house song to Alec Nibbly, my father's cook and handy man. On investigation I discover that the exclusive rights were apparently not controlled by Nibbly. This song was also used as a kind of wail or hunger-distress signal by one Adolphus Baldwin (colored) of Lexington and Louisville, Ky. Now it appears that Dolph was a regular customer at the jail-house. Whenever Dolph didn't turn up at home his wo-

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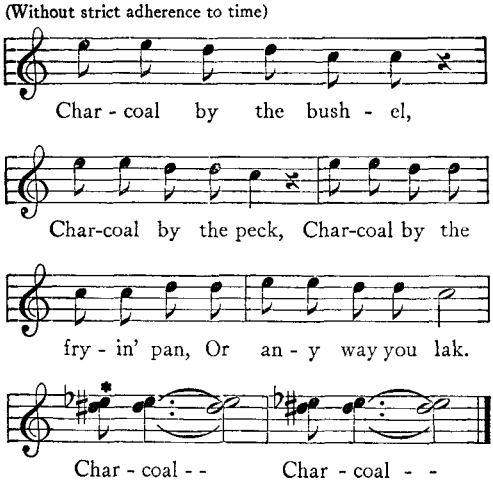
man (whoever she happened to be that month) knew pretty well where he would be. My father has told me for a fact that Dolph sang the jail-house wail to announce his incarceration to his lady friend. Almost at once there would be a great frying of pork chops and baking of corn bread, to be passed through the bars to the hungry Dolph. For jail-houses have always "fed very porely."

A poetic charcoal man once lived in Philadelphia. He drove a mule until the mule, wearying of life, just up and died. Then the charcoal man pushed a cart. His call runs along nicely in the major key until he comes to the last two notes, and then we encounter tones that one will not find on any standard piano. This fellow was not only a poet and a charcoal man but a very modern musician.

Charcoal by the bushel,
Charcoal by the peck,
Charcoal by the fryin' pan,
Or any way you lak',
Charcoal, charcoal.

CHARCOAL MAN

(Without strict adherence to time)



* The use of the sharp and the flat in the last two measures is an attempt to indicate the quarter tone.

Skillets and "skeeter-scoot"—what a combination of merchandise! Believe it or not, but these two articles were sold by a pair of brothers who operated some years ago in Vicksburg, Miss. The skillet man was merely a kind of glorified tin-peddler. He sang in the minor key and his cadences nearly always ended in a descending direction. The "skeeter-scoot" man also sang in the minor key, but his call had an impish quality—a youthful lilt, leading the chance listener to believe that scooting mosquitoes was something of a humorous occupation. For those of you who do not know, "skeeter-scoot" was oil of citronella put up in tiny bottles, to be applied to the hands and face. It was supposed to "gas" the pests into staying away. Personally, I would almost as soon have the gal-nipping mosquito as the oil of citronella.

This is the skillet call. One heard it in the daytime.

Heah come dat pore ole skillet man,
Skillets wif lids,
Skillets wif two handles,
Black ones, shiny ones,
Long-handled forks,
Tin spoons,
Heah come dat pore ole skillet man.

The "skeeter-scoot" man operated only at night.

Skeeter-scoot, skeeter-scoot, oh skeeter-scoot.

As late as 1921, Cincinnati, Ohio, boasted of a clothes-prop man. The only way you could tell what he was selling was to examine his wares. He bawled his legend in such extraordinary English that newcomers or strangers passed him by as a mild kind of lunatic who happened to own a horse and wagon and enjoyed yelling and driving. He drove a very nice horse and sold very fair props. He was a carpenter usually, but when the building trades slumped he would make up a load of props, oil up his voice,

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and go forth, yelling as if his life depended upon it:

Oak clothes props,
Pine clothes props,
Ash clothes props,
Clothes prop man, straight from Kentucky.

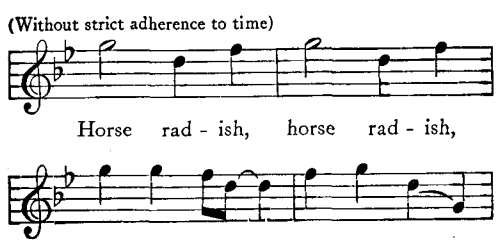
If any of you-all have ever tasted freshly ground, unadulterated horseradish, you will know what I mean when I say that the more modern bottled article is a very sorry substitute. But the grinders of horseradish are disappearing. The bottled article is garnished with a colored label and (freshness no longer being a particular virtue) is guaranteed to keep indefinitely. Some say that the passing of the corner saloon has to do with the unpopularity of horseradish and, naturally, the disappearance of the grinders.

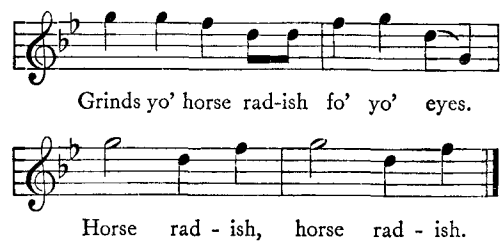
Long ago, in my early youth, I made the acquaintance of several men whose entire living depended upon the preparation and sale of horseradish root. They had little foot-powered grinders. Some of them went so far as to grind cocoanut too. But it required two grinding-wheels for this innovation. Horseradish and cocoanut cannot be ground in the same hopper. One Black Tom was a horseradish man. He pushed a little grinder ahead of him and sang the legend of his wares to the most pathetic of tunes:

Horseradish, horseradish.
Ole black Tom never lies,
Grinds yo' horseradish fo' yo' eyes—
Horseradish, horseradish.

HORSERADISH MAN

(Without strict adherence to time)





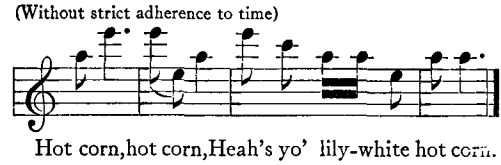
Whenever the street venders go singly or operate in very small towns where they have no noisy competitors, one will find the quality and the character of the call to be very subdued. For example, the blackberry man in Charleston, S. C., who said: "Blackberry, blackberry, blackberry; Blackem, blackem, blackem, blackem." Being unhampered by loud-talking competitors, he hardly raised his voice above a conversational tone.

But the hot-corn man! That fellow had competition and he overcame it in no mild manner. Indeed, he reared back and opened up both barrels and screamed out his product to all the world. He used the minor scale and the top of his range was almost off the upper end of the piano. He proved that energy and strength and pep have a lot to do with success in business ventures, because he sold his hot corn in great quantities.

Hot corn, hot corn,
Heah's your lily-white hot corn.
Hot corn, hot corn,
Heah's yo' lily-white hot corn.

HOT CORN

(Without strict adherence to time)



The only other person who ever approached the hot-corn man in volume of noise and highness of pitch was a negro woman in Louisville, Ky., who sold

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medicine. It seems that her husband was employed by an Indian who manufactured what he called "Shawnee Indian Remedies." Now this Indian had a bad record and was ultimately killed. Almost at once his negro employee disappeared and was never seen again. But his wife had discovered the secret (if any) of the Indian's medicine. She carried on. She established one of her sons as the driver of the wagon (in her husband's place) and proceeded to sell the wares in the back alleys to people of her own color. It is comforting to relate that she did a very good business, lived well, and educated her entire family of eight on the proceeds of the "Shawnee Indian Remedies."

Her call was a scream in the minor key:

> Shawnee Indian remedies,
> Rat and roach paste,
> Hair restorer,
> Swamp root for rheumatism.

But the itinerant vender and all that is romantic in him is disappearing. In the last few months a great hue and cry has been raised by the United Citizens Peddlers Association of lower New York City. The centre of this latest discussion is Orchard Street, where for generations the push-carts have sold (quoting Mr. Earl Sparling in the New York *Telegram*) corsets and corsages, step-ins and slices of pineapple, silk socks, pants, and assorted chocolates. . . . But the New York City street-cleaning department has to carry twelve trucks of garbage away every day from the scene of the Orchard Street peddling-stands. . . . This seems to be reason enough to banish the most picturesque of New York's tradesmen.

In Louisville, Ky., they tell me that Bony Miser Rockfish has long since disappeared. The Charleston, S. C., honey man has joined the ice-cream man. Their calls will never be heard again. Black Tom has given up his noisy little horseradish machine. The street venders are following the Yankee peddlers of the early Revolutionary days. . . . The chain store and the quick-delivery delicatessen are victorious. . .

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A Farewell to Arms

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE turning point of this story of love against the background of death and contamination of war comes in the chapters you are about to read. This part of the story opens in the midst of the Caporetto retreat. As a piece of writing about war it is distinctive, and is one of the great moments of the book.

At this point, Frederic Henry, an American lieutenant of an Italian ambulance unit, has just abandoned his three cars to the mud, and with his three drivers, Piani, Aymo, and Bonello, is joining on foot the crowd retreating toward Udine.

The early part of the story tells how the American met Catherine Barkley, an English V. A. D. nurse, whose fiance had been killed in the Somme. Frederic, physically attracted, approaches her with no thought of love. She first rebuffs, then accepts him. A few days later, he is severely wounded and is sent to a hospital in Milan.

When Catherine comes into his room, he realizes that he is in love with her. He wants to marry her. She refuses because it would mean that she would be sent away. They spend a happy summer together. As he is ordered back to his post in October, Catherine tells him she is going to have a baby. She still refuses marriage and assures him she can carry on, that he is to come to her as soon as he can.

Thoughts of Catherine have followed him in the retreat.

XXX

LATER we were on a road that led to a river. There was a long line of abandoned trucks and carts on the road leading up to the bridge. No one was in sight. The river was high and the bridge had been blown up in the centre; the stone arch was fallen into the river and the brown water was going over it. We went on up the bank looking for a place to cross. Up ahead I knew there was a railway-bridge and I thought we might be able to get across there. The path was wet and muddy. We did not see any troops; only abandoned trucks and stores. Along the river bank there was nothing and no one but the wet brush and muddy ground. We went on up the bank and finally we saw the railway-bridge.

"What a beautiful bridge," Aymo said. It was a long plain iron bridge across what was usually a dry river bed.

"We better hurry and get across before they blow it up," I said.

"There's nobody to blow it up," Piani said. "They're all gone."

"It's probably mined," Bonello said. "You cross first, Tenente."

"Listen to the anarchist," Aymo said. "Make him go first."

"I'll go," I said. "It won't be mined to blow up with one man."

"You see," Piani said. "That is brains. Why haven't you brains, anarchist?"

"If I had brains I wouldn't be here," Bonello said.

"That's pretty good, Tenente," Aymo said.

"That's pretty good," I said. We

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were close to the bridge now. The sky had clouded over again and it was raining a little. The bridge looked long and solid. We climbed up the embankment.

"Come one at a time," I said, and started across the bridge. I watched the ties and the rails for any trip wires or signs of explosive but I saw nothing. Down below the gaps in the ties the river ran muddy and fast. Ahead across the wet countryside I could see Udine in the rain. Across the bridge I looked back. Just up the river was another bridge. As I watched a yellow mud-colored motor-car crossed it. The sides of the bridge were high and the body of the car, once on, was out of sight. But I saw the heads of the driver, the man on the seat with him, and the two men on the rear seat. They all wore German helmets. Then the car was over the bridge and out of sight behind the trees and the abandoned vehicles on the road. I waved to Aymo who was crossing and to the others to come on. I climbed down and crouched beside the railway embankment. Aymo came down with me.

"Did you see the car?" I asked.

"No. We were watching you."

"A German staff car crossed on the upper bridge."

"A staff car?"

"Yes."

"Holy Mary."

The others came and we all crouched in the mud behind the embankment looking across the rails at the bridge, the line of trees, the ditch and the road.

"Do you think we're cut off then, Tenente?"

"I don't know. All I know is a German staff car went along that road."

"You don't feel funny, Tenente? You haven't got strange feelings in the head?"

"Don't be funny, Bonello."

"What about a drink?" Piani asked. "If we're cut off we might as well have a drink." He unhooked his canteen and uncorked it.

"Look! Look!" Aymo said and pointed toward the road. Along the top of the stone bridge we could see German helmets moving. They were bent forward and moved smoothly, almost supernaturally, along. As they came off the bridge we saw them. They were bicycle troops. I saw the faces of the first two. They were ruddy and healthy looking. Their helmets came low down over their foreheads and the side of their faces. Their carbines were clipped to the frame of the bicycles. Stick bombs hung handle down from their belts. Their helmets and their gray uniforms were wet and they rode easily looking ahead and to both sides. There were two—then four in line, then two, then almost a dozen; then another dozen—then one alone. They did not talk but we could not have heard them because of the noise from the river. They were gone out of sight up the road.

"Holy Mary," Aymo said.

"They were Germans," Piani said. "Those weren't Austrians."

"Why isn't there somebody here to stop them?" I said. "Why haven't they blown the bridge up? Why aren't there machine-guns along this embankment?"

"You tell us, Tenente," Bonello said.

I was very angry.

"The whole bloody thing is crazy. Down below they blow up a little bridge. Here they leave a bridge on the main road. Where is everybody? Don't they try and stop them at all?"

"You tell us, Tenente," Bonello said. I shut up. It was none of my business; all I had to do was to get to Pordenone

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with three ambulances. I had failed at that. All I had to do now was get to Pordenone. I probably could not even get to Udine. The hell I couldn't. The thing to do was be calm and not get shot or captured.

"Didn't you have a canteen open?" I asked Piani. He handed it to me. I took a long drink. "We might as well start," I said. "There's no hurry though. Do you want to eat something?"

"This is no place to stay," Bonello said.

"All right. We'll start."

"Should we keep on this side—out of sight?"

"We'll be better off on top. They may come along this bridge too. We don't want them on top of us before we see them."

We walked along the railroad track. On both sides of us stretched the wet plain. Ahead across the plain was the hill of Udine. The roofs fell away from the castle on the hill. We could see the campanile and the clock tower. There were many mulberry-trees in the fields. Ahead I saw a place where the rails were torn up. The ties had been dug out too and thrown down the embankment.

"Down! down!" Aymo said. We dropped down beside the embankment. There was another group of cyclists passing along the road. I looked over the edge and saw them go on.

"They saw us but they went on," Aymo said.

"We'll get killed up there, Tenente," Bonello said.

"They don't want us," I said. "They're after something else. We're in more danger if they should come on us suddenly."

"I'd rather walk here out of sight," Bonello said.

"All right. We'll walk along the tracks."

"Do you think we can get through?" Aymo asked.

"Sure. There aren't very many of them yet. We'll go through in the dark."

"What was that staff car doing?"

"Christ knows," I said. We kept on up the tracks. Bonello tired of walking in the mud of the embankment and came up with the rest of us. The railway moved south away from the highway now and we could not see what passed along the road. A short bridge over a canal was blown up but we climbed across on what was left of the span. We heard firing ahead of us.

We came up on the railway beyond the canal. It went on straight toward the town across the low fields. We could see the line of the other railway ahead of us. To the north was the main road where we had seen the cyclists; to the south there was a small branch road across the fields with thick trees on each side. I thought we had better cut to the south and work around the town that way and across country toward Campoformio and the main road to the Tagliamento. We could avoid the main line of the retreat by keeping to the secondary roads beyond Udine. I knew there were plenty of side roads across the plain. I started down the embankment.

"Come on," I said. We would make for the side road and work to the south of the town. We all started down the embankment. A shot was fired from the side road. The bullet went into the mud of the embankment.

"Go on back," I shouted. I started up the embankment, slipping in the mud. The drivers were ahead of me. I went up the embankment as fast as I could

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go. Two more shots came from the thick brush and Aymo, as he was crossing the tracks, lurched, tripped and fell face down. We pulled him down on the other side and turned him over. "His head ought to be up hill," I said. Piani moved him around. He lay in the mud on the side of the embankment, his feet pointing down hill, breathing blood irregularly. The three of us squatted over him in the rain. He was hit low in the back of the neck and the bullet had ranged upward and come out under the right eye. He died while I was stopping up the two holes. Piani laid his head down, wiped at his face with a piece of the emergency dressing, then let it alone.

"The ——— ———," he said.

"They weren't Germans," I said. "There can't be any Germans over there."

"Italians," Piani said, using the word as an epithet, "Italiani!" Bonello said nothing. He was sitting beside Aymo, not looking at him. Piani picked up Aymo's cap where it had rolled down the embankment and put it over his face. He took out his canteen.

"Do you want a drink?" Piani handed Bonello the canteen.

"No," Bonello said. He turned to me. "That might have happened to us any time on the railway tracks."

"No." I said. "It was because we started across the field."

Bonello shook his head. "Aymo's dead," he said. "Who's dead next, Tenente? Where do we go now?"

"Those were Italians that shot," I said. "They weren't Germans."

"I suppose if they were Germans they'd have killed all of us," Bonello said.

"We are in more danger from Italians than Germans," I said. "The rear guard are afraid of everything. The Germans know what they're after."

"You reason it out, Tenente," Bonello said.

"Where do we go now?" Piani asked.

"We better lie up some place till it's dark. If we could get south we'd be all right."

"They'd have to shoot us all to prove they were right the first time," Bonello said. "I'm not going to try them."

"We'll find a place to lie up as near to Udine as we can get and then go through when it's dark."

"Let's go, then," Bonello said. We went down the north side of the embankment. I looked back. Aymo lay in the mud on the slope of the embankment. He was quite small and his arms were by his side, his puttee-wrapped legs and muddy boots together, his cap over his face. He looked very dead. It was raining. I had liked him as well as any one I ever knew. I had his papers in my pocket and would write to his family. Ahead across the fields was a farmhouse. There were trees around it and the farm buildings were built against the house. There was a balcony along the second floor held up by columns.

"We better keep a little way apart," I said. "I'll go ahead." I started toward the farmhouse. There was a path across the field.

Crossing the field I did not know but that some one would fire on us from the trees near the farmhouse or from the farmhouse itself. I walked toward it seeing it very clearly. The balcony of the second floor merged into the barn and there was hay coming out between the columns. The courtyard was of stone blocks and all the trees were dripping with the rain. There was a big empty two-wheeled cart, the shafts tipped high

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up in the rain. I came to the courtyard, crossed it, and stood under the shelter of the balcony. The door of the house was open and I went in. Bonello and Piani came in after me. It was dark inside. I went back to the kitchen. There were ashes of a fire on the big open hearth. The pots hung over the ashes, but they were empty. I looked around but I could not find anything to eat.

"We ought to lie up in the barn," I said. "Do you think you could find anything to eat, Piani, and bring it up there?"

"I'll look," Piani said.

"I'll look too," Bonello said.

"All right," I said. "I'll go up and look at the barn." I found a stone stairway that went up from the stable underneath. The stable smelt dry and pleasant in the rain. The cattle were all gone, probably driven off when they left. The barn was half full of hay. There were two windows in the roof, one was blocked with boards, the other was a narrow dormer window on the north side. There was a chute so that hay might be pitched down to the cattle. Beams crossed the opening down into the main floor where the hay carts drove in when the hay was hauled in to be pitched up. I heard the rain on the roof and smelled the hay and, when I went down, the clean smell of dried dung in the stable. We could pry a board loose and see out of the south window down into the courtyard. The other window looked out on the field toward the north. We could get out of either window onto the roof and down, or go down the hay chute if the stairs were impractical. It was a big barn and we could hide in the hay if we heard any one. It seemed like a good place. I was sure we could have gotten through to the south if they had not fired on us. It was impossible that there were Germans there. They were coming from the north and down the road from Cividale. They could not have come through from the south. The Italians were even more dangerous. They were frightened and firing on anything they saw. Last night on the retreat we had heard that there had been many Germans in Italian uniforms mixing with the retreat in the north. I did not believe it. That was one of those things you always heard in the war. It was one of the things the enemy always did to you. You did not know any one who went over in German uniform to confuse them. Maybe they did but it sounded difficult. I did not believe the Germans did it. I did not believe they had to. There was no need to confuse our retreat. The size of the army and the fewness of the roads did that. Nobody gave any orders, let alone Germans. Still they would shoot us for Germans. They shot Aymo. The hay smelled good and lying in a barn in the hay took away all the years in between. We had lain in hay and talked and shot sparrows with an air rifle when they perched in the triangle cut high up in the wall of the barn. The barn was gone now and one year they had cut the hemlock woods and there were only stumps, dried tree tops, branches and fire weed where the woods had been. You could not go back. If you did not go forward what happened? You never got back to Milan And if you got back to Milan what happened? I listened to the firing to the north toward Udine. I could hear machine-gun firing. There was no shelling. That was something. They must have gotten some troops along the road. I looked down in the half light of the hay barn and saw Piani

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standing on the hauling floor. He had a long sausage, a jar of something and two bottles of wine under his arm.

"Come up," I said. "There is the ladder." Then I realized that I should help him with the things and went down. I was vague in the head from lying in the hay. I had been nearly asleep.

"Where's Bonello?" I asked.

"I'll tell you." Piani said. We went up the ladder. Up on the hay we set the things down. Piani took out his knife with the corkscrew and drew the cork on a wine bottle.

"They have sealing wax on it," he said. "It must be good." He smiled.

"Where's Bonello?" I asked.

Piani looked at me.

"He went away, Tenente," he said. "He wanted to be a prisoner."

I did not say anything.

"He was afraid we would get killed."

I held the bottle of wine and did not say anything.

"You see we don't believe in the war anyway, Tenente."

"Why didn't you go?" I asked.

"I did not want to leave you."

"Where did he go?"

"I don't know, Tenente. He went away."

"All right," I said. "Will you cut the sausage."

Piani looked at me in the half light.

"I cut it while we were talking," he said. We sat in the hay and ate the sausage and drank the wine. It must have been wine they had saved for a wedding. It was so old that it was losing its color.

"You look out of this window, Luigi," I said. "I'll go look out the other window."

We had each been drinking out of one of the bottles and I took my bottle with me and went over to the wall and lay flat on the hay and looked out the narrow window at the wet country. I do not know what I expected to see but I did not see anything except the fields and the bare mulberry trees and the rain falling. I drank the wine and it did not make me feel good. They had kept it too long and it had gone to pieces and lost its quality and color. I watched it get dark outside; the darkness came very quickly. It would be a black night with the rain. When it was dark there was no use watching any more so I went over to Piani. He was lying asleep and I did not wake him but sat down beside him for a while. He was a big man and he slept heavily. After a while I woke him and we started.

That was a very strange night. I do not know what I had expected—death perhaps and shooting in the dark and running, but nothing happened. We waited lying flat beyond the ditch along the main road while a German battalion passed. Then when they were gone we crossed the road and went on to the north. We were very close to Germans twice in the rain but they did not see us. We got past the town to the north without seeing any Italians, then after a while came on the main channels of the retreat and walked all night toward the Tagliamento. I had not realized how gigantic the retreat was. The whole country was moving as well as the army. We walked all night, making better time than the vehicles. My leg ached and I was tired but we made good time. It seemed so silly for Bonello to have decided to be taken prisoner. There was no danger. We had walked through two armies without incident. If Aymo had not been killed there would never have seemed to be any danger. No one had

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bothered us when we were in plain sight along the railway. The killing came suddenly and unreasonably. I wondered where Bonello was.

"How do you feel, Tenente?" Piani asked. We were going along the side of a road crowded with vehicles and troops.

"Fine."

"I'm tired of this walking."

"Well, all we have to do is walk now. We don't have to worry."

"Bonello was a fool."

"He was a fool all right."

"What will you do about him, Tenente?"

"I don't know."

"Can't you just put him down as taken prisoner?"

"I don't know."

"You see if the war went on they would make bad trouble for his family."

"The war won't go on," a soldier said. "We're going home. The war is over."

"Everybody's going home."

"We're all going home."

"Come on, Tenente," Piani said. He wanted to get past them.

"Tenente? Who's a Tenente? *A basso gli ufficiali!* Down with the officers!"

Piani took me by the arm. "I better call you by your name," he said. "They might try and make trouble. They've shot some officers." We worked up past them.

"I won't make a report that will make trouble for his family." I went on with our conversation.

"If the war is over it makes no difference," Piani said. "But I don't believe it's over. It's too good that it should be over."

"We'll know pretty soon," I said.

"I don't believe it's over. They all think it's over but I don't believe it."

"E'viva la Pace," a soldier shouted out. "We're going home."

"It would be fine if we all went home," Piani said. "Wouldn't you like to go home?"

"Yes."

"We'll never go. I don't think it's over."

"Andiamo a casa!" a soldier shouted.

"They throw away their rifles," Piani said. "They take them off and drop them down while they're marching. Then they shout."

"They ought to keep their rifles."

"They think if they throw away their rifles they can't make them fight."

In the dark and the rain, making our way along the side of the road I could see that many of the troops still had their rifles. They stuck up above the capes.

"What brigade are you?" an officer called out.

"Brigata di Pace," some one shouted. "Peace Brigade!" The officer said nothing.

"What does he say? What does the officer say?"

"Down with the officer. *E'viva la Pace!"*

"Come on," Piani said. We passed two British ambulances, abandoned in the block of vehicles.

"They're from Gorizia," Piani said. "I know the cars."

"They got further than we did."

"They started earlier."

"I wonder where the drivers are?"

"Up ahead probably."

"The Germans have stopped outside Gorizia," I said. "These people will all get across the river."

"Yes," Piani said. "That's why I think the war will go on."

"The Germans could come on," I

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said. "I wonder why they don't come on."

"I don't know. I don't know anything about this kind of war."

"They have to wait for their transport, I suppose."

"I don't know," Piani said. Alone he was much gentler. When he was with the others he was a very rough talker.

"Are you married, Luigi?"

"You know I am married."

"Is that why you did not want to be a prisoner?"

"That is one reason. Are you married, Tenente?"

"No."

"Neither is Bonello."

"You can't tell anything by a man's being married. But I should think a married man would want to get back to his wife," I said. I would be glad to talk about wives.

"Yes."

"How are your feet?"

"They're sore enough."

Before daylight we reached the bank of the Tagliamento and followed down along the flooded river to the bridge where all the traffic was crossing.

"They ought to be able to hold at this river," Piani said. In the dark the flood looked high. The water swirled and it was wide. The wooden bridge was nearly three-quarters of a mile across, and the river, that usually ran in narrow channels in the wide stony bed far below the bridge, was close under the wooden planking. We went along the bank and then worked our way into the crowd that were crossing the bridge. Crossing slowly in the rain a few feet above the flood, pressed tight in the crowd, the box of an artillery caisson just ahead, I looked over the side and watched the river. Now that we could not go our own pace I felt very tired. There was no exhilaration in crossing the bridge. I wondered what it would be like if a plane bombed it in the daytime.

"Piani," I said.

"Here I am, Tenente." He was a little ahead in the jam. No one was talking. They were all trying to get across as soon as they could; thinking only of that. We were almost across. At the far end of the bridge there were officers and carabinieri standing on both sides flashing lights. I saw them silhouetted against the sky line. As we came close to them I saw one of the officers point to a man in the column. A carabiniere went in after him and came out holding the man by the arm. He took him away from the road. We came almost opposite them. The officers were scrutinizing every one in the column, sometimes speaking to each other, going forward to flash a light in some one's face. They took some one else out just before we came opposite. I saw the man. He was a lieutenant-colonel. I saw the stars in the box on his sleeve as they flashed a light on him. His hair was gray and he was short and fat. The carabiniere pulled him in behind the line of officers. As we came opposite I saw one or two of them look at me. Then one pointed at me and spoke to a carabiniere. I saw the carabiniere start for me, come through the edge of the column toward me, then felt him take me by the collar.

"What's the matter with you?" I said and hit him in the face. I saw his face under the hat, upturned mustaches, and blood coming down his cheek. Another one dove in toward us.

"What's the matter with you?" I said. He did not answer. He was watching a chance to grab me. I put my arm behind me to loosen my pistol.

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"Don't you know you can't touch an officer?"

The other one grabbed me from behind and pulled my arm up so that it twisted in the socket. I turned with him and the other one grabbed me around the neck. I kicked his shins and got my left knee into his groin.

"Shoot him if he resists," I heard some one say.

"What's the meaning of this?" I tried to shout but my voice was not very loud. They had me at the side of the road now.

"Shoot him if he resists," an officer said. "Take him over back."

"Who are you?"

"You'll find out."

"Who are you?"

"Battle police," another officer said.

"Why don't you ask me to step over instead of having one of these airplanes grab me?"

They did not answer. They did not have to answer. They were battle police.

"Take him back there with the others," the first officer said. "You see, he speaks Italian with an accent."

"So do you, you —— ——," I said.

"Take him back with the others," the first officer said. They took me down behind the line of officers below the road toward a group of people in a field by the river bank. As we walked toward them shots were fired. I saw flashes of the rifles and heard the reports. We came up to the group. There were four officers standing together, with a man in front of them with a carabiniere on each side of him. A group of men were standing guarded by carabinieri. Four other carabinieri stood near the questioning officers, leaning on their carbines They were wide-hatted carabinieri. The two who had me shoved me in with the group waiting to be questioned. I looked at the man the officers were questioning. He was the fat gray-haired little lieutenant-colonel they had taken out of the column. The questioners had all the efficiency, coldness and command of themselves of Italians who are firing and are not being fired on.

"Your brigade?"

He told them.

"Regiment?"

He told them.

"Why are you not with your regiment?"

He told them.

"Do you not know that an officer should be with his troops?"

He did.

That was all. Another officer spoke.

"It is you and such as you that have let the barbarians onto the sacred soil of the fatherland."

"I beg your pardon," said the lieutenant-colonel.

"It is because of treachery such as yours that we have lost the fruits of victory."

"Have you ever been in a retreat?" the lieutenant-colonel asked.

"Italy should never retreat."

We stood there in the rain and listened to this. We were facing the officers and the prisoner stood in front and a little to one side of us.

"If you are going to shoot me," the lieutenant-colonel said, "please shoot me at once without further questioning. The questioning is stupid." He made the sign of the cross. The officers spoke together. One wrote something on a pad of paper.

"Abandoned his troops; ordered to be shot," he said.

Two carabinieri took the lieutenant-colonel to the river bank. He walked in

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the rain, an old man with his hat off, a carabiniere on either side. I did not watch them shoot him but I heard the shots. They were questioning some one else. This officer too was separated from his troops. He was not allowed to make an explanation. He cried when they read the sentence and they were questioning another when they shot him. They made a point of being intent on questioning the next man while the man who had been questioned before was being shot. In this way there was obviously nothing they could do about it. I did not know whether I should wait to be questioned or make a break now. I was obviously a German in Italian uniform. I saw how their minds worked; if they had minds and if they worked. They were all young men and they were saving their country. The second army was being reformed beyond the Tagliamento. They were executing officers of the rank of major and above, who were separated from their troops. They were also dealing summarily with German agitators in Italian uniforms. They wore steel helmets. Only two of us had steel helmets. Some of the carabinieri had them. The other carabinieri wore the wide hats. Airplanes we called them. We stood in the rain and were taken out one at a time to be questioned and shot. So far they had shot every one they had questioned. The questioners had that beautiful detachment and devotion to stern justice of men dealing in death without being in any danger of it. They were questioning a full colonel of a line regiment. Three more officers had just been put in with us.

"Where was his regiment?"

I looked at the carabinieri. They were looking at the newcomers. The others were looking at the colonel. I ducked down, pushed between two men, and ran for the river, my head down. I tripped at the edge and went in with a splash. The water was very cold and I stayed under as long as I could. I could feel the current swirl me and I stayed under until I thought I could never come up. The minute I came up I took a breath and went down again. It was easy to stay under with so much clothing and my boots. When I came up the second time I saw a piece of timber ahead of me and reached it and held on with one hand. I kept my head behind it and did not even look over it. I did not want to see the bank. There were shots when I ran and shots when I came up the first time. I heard them when I was almost above water. There were no shots now. The piece of timber swung in the current and I held it with one hand. I looked at the bank. It seemed to be going by very fast. There was much wood in the stream. The water was very cold. We passed the brush of an island above the water. I held onto the timber with both hands and let it take me along. The shore was out of sight now.

XXXI

You do not know how long you are in a river when the current moves swiftly. It seems a long time and it may be very short. The water was cold and in flood and many things passed that had been floated off the banks when the river rose. I was lucky to have a heavy timber to hold on to, and I lay in the icy water with my chin on the wood, holding as easily as I could with both hands. I was afraid of cramps and I hoped we would move toward the shore. We went down the river in a long curve. It was beginning to be light enough so I could see the bushes along the shore line. There was a brush island

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ahead and the current moved toward the shore. I wondered if I should take off my boots and clothes and try to swim ashore, but decided not to. I had never thought of anything but that I would reach the shore some way, and I would be in a bad position if I landed barefoot. I had to get to Mestre some way.

I watched the shore come close, then swing away, then come closer again. We were floating more slowly. The shore was very close now. I could see twigs on the willow bush. The timber swung slowly so that the bank was behind me and I knew we were in an eddy. We went slowly around. As I saw the bank again, very close now, I tried holding with one arm and kicking and swimming the timber toward the bank with the other, but I did not bring it any closer. I was afraid we would move out of the eddy and, holding with one hand, I drew up my feet so they were against the side of the timber and shoved hard toward the bank. I could see the brush, but even with my momentum and swimming as hard as I could, the current was taking me away. I thought then I would drown because of my boots, but I thrashed and fought through the water, and when I looked up the bank was coming toward me, and I kept thrashing and swimming in a heavy-footed panic until I reached it. I hung to the willow branch and did not have strength to pull myself up but I knew I would not drown now. It had never occurred to me on the timber that I might drown. I felt hollow and sick in my stomach and chest from the effort, and I held to the branches and waited. When the sick feeling was gone I pulled into the willow bushes and rested again, my arms around some brush, holding tight with my hands to the branches. Then I crawled out, pushed on through the willows and onto the bank. It was half daylight and I saw no one. I lay flat on the bank and heard the river and the rain.

After a while I got up and started along the bank. I knew there was no bridge across the river until Latisana. I thought I might be opposite San Vito. I began to think out what I should do. Ahead there was a ditch running into the river. I went toward it. So far I had seen no one and I sat down by some bushes along the bank of the ditch and took off my shoes and emptied them of water. I took off my coat, took my wallet with my papers and my money all wet in it out of the inside pocket and then wrung the coat out. I took off my trousers and wrung them too, then my shirt and underclothing. I slapped and rubbed myself and then dressed again. I had lost my cap.

Before I put on my coat I cut the cloth stars off my sleeves and put them in the inside pocket with my money. My money was wet but was all right. I counted it. There were three thousand and some lire. My clothes felt wet and clammy and I slapped my arms to keep the circulation going. I had woollen underwear and I did not think I would catch cold if I kept moving. They had taken my pistol at the road and I put the holster under my coat. I had no cape and it was cold in the rain. I started up the bank of the canal. It was daylight and the country was wet, low and dismal-looking. The fields were bare and wet; a long way away I could see a campanile rising out of the plain. I came up onto a road. Ahead I saw some troops coming down the road. I limped along the side of the road and they passed me and paid no attention to me. They were a machine-gun detachment going up to-

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ward the river. I went on down the road.

That day I crossed the Venetian plain. It is a low level country and under the rain it is even flatter. Toward the sea there are salt marshes and very few roads. The roads all go along the river mouths to the sea and to cross the country you must go along the paths beside the canals. I was working across the country from the north to the south and had crossed two railway lines and many roads and finally I came out at the end of a path onto a railway line where it ran beside a marsh. It was the main line from Venice to Trieste, with a high solid embankment, a solid road bed and double track. Down the tracks a way was a flag station and I could see soldiers on guard. Up the line there was a bridge over a stream that flowed into the marsh. I could see a guard too at the bridge. Crossing the fields to the north I had seen a train pass on this railroad, visible a long way across the flat plain, and I thought a train might come from Portogruaro. I watched the guards and lay down on the embankment so that I could see both ways along the track. The guard at the bridge walked a way up the line toward where I lay, then turned and went back toward the bridge. I lay, and was hungry, and waited for the train. The one I had seen was so long that the engine moved it very slowly and I was sure I could get aboard it. After I had almost given up hoping for one I saw a train coming. The engine, coming straight on, grew larger slowly. I looked at the guard at the bridge. He was walking on the near side of the bridge but on the other side of the tracks. That would put him out of sight when the train passed. I watched the engine come nearer. It was working hard. I could see there were many cars. I knew there would be guards on the train, and I tried to see where they were, but, keeping out of sight, I could not. The engine was almost to where I was lying. When it came opposite, working and puffing even on the level, and I saw the engineer pass, I stood up and stepped up close to the passing cars. If the guards were watching I was a less suspicious object standing beside the track. Several closed freight cars passed. Then I saw a low open car of the sort they call gondolas coming, covered with canvas. I stood until it had almost passed, then jumped and caught the rear hand rods and pulled up. I crawled down between the gondola and the shelter of the high freight car behind. I did not think any one had seen me. I was holding to the hand rods and crouching low, my feet on the coupling. We were almost opposite the bridge. I remembered the guard. As we passed him he looked at me. He was a boy and his helmet was too big for him. I stared at him contemptuously and he looked away. He thought I had something to do with the train.

We were past. I saw him still looking uncomfortable, watching the other cars pass, and I stooped to see how the canvas was fastened. It had grommets and was laced down at the edge with cord. I took out my knife, cut the cord and put my arm under. There were hard bulges under the canvas that tightened in the rain. I looked up and ahead. There was a guard on the freight car ahead but he was looking forward. I let go of the hand rails and ducked under the canvas. My forehead hit something that gave me a violent bump and I felt blood on my face but I crawled on in and lay flat. Then I turned around and fastened down the canvas.

I was in under the canvas with guns.

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They smelled cleanly of oil and grease. I lay and listened to the rain on the canvas and the clicking of the car over the rails. There was a little light came through and I lay and looked at the guns. They had their canvas jackets on. I thought they must have been sent ahead from the third army. The bump on my forehead was swollen and I stopped the bleeding by lying still and letting it coagulate, then picked away the dried blood except over the cut. It was nothing. I had no handkerchief, but feeling with my fingers I washed away where the dried blood had been with rain-water that dripped from the canvas, and wiped it clean with the sleeve of my coat. I did not want to look conspicuous. I knew I would have to get out before they got to Mestre because they would be taking care of these guns. They had no guns to lose or forget about. I was terrifically hungry.

XXXII

Lying on the floor of the flat car with the guns beside me under the canvas I was wet, cold and very hungry. Finally I rolled over and lay flat on my stomach with my head on my arms. My knee was stiff, but it had been very satisfactory. Valentini had done a fine job. I had done half the retreat on foot and swam part of the Tagliamento with his knee. It was his knee all right. The other knee was mine. Doctors did things to you and then it was not your body any more. The head was mine, and the inside of the belly. It was very hungry in there. I could feel it turn over on itself. The head was mine, but not to use, not to think with; only to remember and not too much remember.

I could remember Catherine but I knew I would get crazy if I thought about her when I was not sure yet I would see her, so I would not think about her, only about her a little, only about her with the car going slowly and clickingly, and some light through the canvas and me lying with Catherine on the floor of the car. Hard as the floor of the car—to lie not thinking, only feeling. Having been away too long, the clothes wet and the floor moving only a little each time, and lonesome inside and alone with wet clothing and hard floor for a wife.

You did not love the floor of a flat car nor guns with canvas jackets and the smell of vaselined metal or a canvas that rain leaked through, although it is very fine under a canvas and pleasant with guns; but you loved some one else who now you knew was not even to be pretended there; you seeing now very clearly and coldly—not so coldly as clearly and emptily. You saw emptily lying on your stomach, having been present when one army moved back and another came forward. You had lost your cars and your men as a floorwalker loses the stock of his department in a fire. There was, however, no insurance. You were out of it now. You had no more obligation. If they shot floorwalkers after a fire in the department store because they spoke with an accent they had always had, then certainly the floorwalkers would not be expected to return when the store opened again for business. They might seek other employment; if there was any other employment and the police did not get them.

Anger was washed away in the river along with any obligation. Although that ceased when the carabiniere put his hands on my collar. I would like to have had the uniform off although I did not

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The Enduring Image

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

PRONE in the short coarse grass, with her elbows digging into the sandy earth and her head cupped heavily in slim hands, the girl lay gazing out over the Firth of Clyde. Straight before her, and shaped like a haystack piled by some careless giant, Ailsa Craig rose from the gray waters. Beyond, to the northward, the Isle of Arran pushed its tumbling hills up to the crowning peak of Goat Fell; while along the far horizon the Mull of Kintyre lay like the smudged line of a soft pencil. Fifty miles away the waves were washing the low coast of Ireland; faintly its mass might have been discerned through the binoculars that now rested at the girl's side.

Hundreds of gulls were weaving their wild patterns in the air surrounding Ailsa Craig; the slopes of Arran were turning blue in the advancing afternoon; dirty freighters, crawling toward the Clyde, were daubing the horizon with their smoke; but for these things the girl had no eyes. Staring steadily, she saw none of them.

Sights and sounds were momentarily shut out from a mind that was feeding hungrily upon the past, wilfully brooding above a feast whose dishes were wormwood and gall. But Joan had come to know that feast so well during the past few years that she never thought of it now as pleasant or unpleasant. The past was reality, the present a shadow. And the past could not hurt her now, for she had taken reality to her bosom and embraced the final essence of tragedy. It was three years since Alan had gone missing, and to her it might as well have been one day or twenty centuries. The sense of time had deserted her, it seemed, leaving her poised in duration as some eternal gull might hold itself forever motionless against a ceaseless wind. But her suspension was effortless, unconscious. Events flowed past her, men and women came and went, her social self responded to them: she clasped hands, talked and walked, played bridge and golf, danced through long nights; and people would have said Joan Gorden still inhabited their world. But she had gone from them three years ago, as definitely and finally as Alan Leish had vanished in the Flanders sky. To her they were phantoms, and their world a dream. Reality for her lay in the past, and on this cliff where she and Alan had so often sat together; where they still sat, it sometimes seemed to her.

Even Kenneth was shadowy—six-foot Kenneth with his baggy tweeds and sinewy brown hands; with his slow smile and grave eyes that for years had looked on Alan as the best of friends. Two months after the armistice Kenneth had dragged a crippled foot back from France; two months after that day when all England, and even Scotland, had gone mad with joy, suddenly freed from a nightmare that men had thought would never end. Throngs had rioted down Piccadilly, burned taxis in Trafalgar Square; from the hearts of millions a black shroud had been torn away. It was over, finished, done! Peace, peace! And all that day Joan had walked alone, speaking to no man and smiling at no woman. She had walked attended by

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the sea and the hills, and at nightfall she had found herself at the door of home with no notion how she had come there. From the library her father had seen her go up to her own room; but, in his wisdom, he had not spoken.

Once the door had closed behind her, she had stood staring at the calendar upon her desk. The date was plain: May 15, 1917. The armistice had come at last, and the great world had left that commonplace May day far behind; but within this room time had halted. It was here that the news had reached her, and despite its ambiguity she had known its meaning from the first. "Missing," they had written; but she had read, "Dead."

No doubt had flecked her certainty with hope. Had she not pleaded with Alan during that last leave, obsessed by a premonition she could not fling off? Yes, she had known, and had tried to outwit destiny. But he had answered tenderly that there was to be no war-widowhood for her; whatever pranks fate might play, he could spare her that. Unswerving in his determination, he had gone back to France for the last time. But he had been wrong, for on the day that Europe laid down its arms Joan was to stand staring at a calendar which marked the beginning of a widowhood that required the sanction of neither church nor state. Somewhere along the Flanders front Alan had vanished from the men who knew him; time confirmed what Joan had known, but the manner of his death remained a mystery.

Lying by the cliff's edge in the afternoon sunlight, Joan now remembered that she had never once dared raise her eyes to the planes that had swept over her during that lonely Armistice Day walk. But eighteen months had brushed by since then, and the perverse fascination of the planes had forced itself upon her with increasing strength. Was it that her mind's eye saw Alan in every one that soared above her, as she had really seen him so many times during his months of training? Or were those machines for her symbols of a grief that she wished never to abandon for an instant? She could not say, but she knew that she could let no fair day go by without spending some part of it flat on her back, watching the youthful pilots who still used the sky as their daily playground, although their seniors at Versailles had agreed that all grave reasons for their play had passed away. The aerodrome that sprawled within sight of Joan's house still echoed to the sudden roar of engines; the land and water targets remained in place, and from the clouds fighting planes still dropped vertically toward them with chattering guns. How often she had watched Alan diving a Sopwith *Camel* toward those same targets! And now she gazed at unknown boys playing hide and seek among the banks of cumuli at ten thousand feet. Or, with the German glasses that Kenneth had brought her, she followed them as high as they could climb. Upward she would trace the path of one of them, until it was a tiny midge hanging amid curling shreds of cirrus, twenty-five thousand feet above the earth.

They were good glasses that Kenneth had given her. A few paces off the Menin-Roulers road he had taken them from the body of their former owner, a German anti-aircraft officer, whom he had found lying amid the ruins of his battery. Apparently a single shell or bomb had left nothing of the guns or crew that the enemy had thought worth salvaging. Kenneth had salvaged the binoculars and hastened on.

When he had given them to Joan,

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after learning of the girl's sky-gazing habit, he had casually mentioned their German origin and had extolled the quality of their lenses; but he had not gone into details. The less said of enemy anti-aircraft guns, he thought, the better. Kenneth was not imaginative, but he could guess at some of the pictures those keen lenses had fleetingly recorded; and they were not pictures that he cared to suggest to Joan's mind.

His reticence was wasted, however, for the girl's imagination vaulted where the man's plodded slowly behind; and Joan quickly formed her own ideas as to what those glasses might have seen. It was a subject, indeed, upon which she never ceased to speculate. Alan, during his periods of leave, had furnished her with ample material from which to build her fantasies, and, as she lay in the grass by the cliff's edge, pictures would come and go behind her steady eyes. But when the images reached the height of their intensity, she would dig her fingers into the earth beneath her and remind herself that it was Scottish soil, that the time for luncheon, golf, or tennis had arrived. And she would gather herself together, find her feet, and climb back to the house to play with a lot of phantoms in their curious dream world.

This afternoon, however, she was delaying her departure from the cliff. Kenneth, in his tennis clothes, and still limping a trifle, was probably looking at his watch, wondering what had happened to her. But for the moment she refused to move. If there were no planes to watch—and she had neither seen nor heard one for half an hour—she could amuse herself by tossing stones down onto the rocks, thirty feet below. It was quite as amusing as tennis, even with Kenneth, and much less trouble. Poor, faithful Kenneth; he was waiting as usual. Would he, she wondered, continue to wait for her for the rest of his life? She did treat him rather rottenly, she supposed. But even he could not realize that she had ceased to dwell in his world long ago, and the one time that she had set out to explain this to him he had hurriedly begun to stuff his pipe and had changed the subject.

Joan, kneeling now, picked up a nice round stone and flung it with all her strength; it ricocheted among the rocks and came to rest half-way between the cliff and the water's edge. Idly she watched it. Alan, from where she knelt, had once churned the water fifty feet from shore with a fusillade of stones. She remembered how she had strained to reach the waves lapping the beach, and how he had teased her at her failure. That had been six years ago.

If she intended to have any tennis before tea, she knew that she must forcibly remove herself from the cliff; but first she would take one last look around the sky. Where were all the planes that an hour ago had circled, spun, and dived above her? Were the pilots loafing away the best of a perfect afternoon? Joan's eyes swept the arching vault from the low mists above Kintyre to the wooded hills behind her; northward beyond Glasgow, and southward toward Ireland, she scanned the heavens. But there was not even a respectable cloud to be seen. Blue, blue, blue—an endless expanse, with never a dark fleck on all its wide perfection.

Joan sank down again, this time supine, and fumbled for her glasses. Perhaps those magic lenses would shame the powers of the naked eye. With her head pillowed in her soft tam-o'-shanter, she swept the binoculars in an ever-widening circle. A gull flew low above

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her, but save for that glimpse of life she saw only a waste of shimmering blue. The movement of the glasses ceased as she now held them perpendicular, glued to her eyes. How long she lay immovable, staring vertically, she could not have said; it was soothing to rest there in the grass, with wide eyes gazing toward infinity. Sense perceptions, save those of sight, slipped softly from her; the miracle of space possessed her half-dormant mind. Duration ceased for her; there was no time, a moment was eternity. Alone she gazed into a void that was limitless. Then, abruptly, reality returned: a plane, so high that it was no more than a black point, crept into the circle of her vision. Joan's body stiffened.

The point grew larger, took on form; now she could trace its spiralling. Whoever the high-flying pilot was, he was now sliding steadily toward the "floor." So rapidly did he lose height that it was only a few moments before Joan, wise in aerial silhouettes, recognized his machine as a *Camel*. And at the same instant it struck her that this was odd; for *Camels* had been officially "washed out" long ago. It had been a year at least since she had seen one. Then there occurred a thing more odd, for Joan, at first uncomprehending, saw what seemed to be a puff of dark smoke appear close to the gliding plane. Then, as by magic, there came another puff, closer; and still another. Joan's brain raced madly. She could not be wrong. Had she not watched London guns trying to reach German bombers as they dropped toward the city from far above the channel? But those anti-aircraft bursts had been white, and these were muddy brown. Alan, she remembered, had told her that the German bursts were brown. Her knuckles whitened as she gripped the glasses that Kenneth had rifled from a corpse. And then, in that peaceful Scottish afternoon, she witnessed the incredible.

There was another burst, and this one for a moment blotted out the plane; then, as the brown puff dispersed, the machine reappeared, spinning downward in jerky turns. Somehow Joan scrambled to her feet without taking the glasses from her eyes. The plane pulled out of the spin into a clean straight dive, and at almost the same instant a long ribbon of white smoke unrolled behind it. Then Joan knew that the *Camel* was on fire.

Two words thundered in her brain with such insistence that she almost shouted them aloud: "Side slip, side slip!" That manœuvre, she knew, was the pilot's single chance; and he knew it too, for quick as her thought he began to slacken his dive. The plane flattened out, the nose tilted slightly upward; the machine slid onto its side, and in that position, held steady by a skilful hand, it rushed toward the earth. Straight toward Joan it came, and the girl stood there with her pounding heart shaking her like an engine that had wrenched loose from its base. The glasses never left her eyes, and now she could see the pilot's helmeted head above the fuselage. His white face was straining downward. Trailing smoke and thin threads of flame, the plane plunged nearer; and that white face grew larger, more distinct. Then came for Joan an instant of racking unbelief, followed by a numbing surge of recognition. Staggering at the cliff's edge, she shrieked aloud a single name and tore the glasses from her eyes. And with them went the fearful image. Gazing at nothing save an empty sky, Joan lurched forward. Loose earth and stones

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gave beneath her feet. With hands fluttering helplessly, she fell.

The sun was low over Kintyre when Kenneth found her, crumpled among the rocks. And near her lay the glasses, as he had first seen them lying beside another body. In the midst of an overwhelming grief, he paused to kick them savagely.

A Buck Private in a German Prison Camp

BY C. A. PECHSTEIN

This is a straightforward and simple tale of experiences in a German prison. By its very artlessness it conveys a picture of reality, of the latter days of the war as seen by an unsophisticated youth in the American army. This is the twelfth true story of the war to be published in SCRIBNER'S.

Our prison at Sedan was an old brewery. Around it was a stone wall with sharp spikes on the top. There were a number of French and Russians in this prison along with one hundred and eighty-two Americans. Each morning we would get up at four o'clock and stand in line so the Germans could count us. At seven o'clock we would receive a cup of coffee made from burnt barley and acorns for breakfast. We would then be divided off into details to work for the Jerries. Crock, Tex Jones, Grasso, and myself hid out so they would not work us. Finally they found our hiding-place, so we caught detail every day. The Germans had a large artillery depot at Sedan, and as the Allies were closing in on the town, the Germans were making preparations to evacuate. Sedan was the only place that Germany could get into communications with her northern and southern armies.

Ten men were sent each day to load cannons on flat cars. The guns were all of the howitzer type, with short barrels but of large caliber. Some of them were so large that a fellow could crawl into them and could not be seen. This was very hard work, as we had no bars to work with, only main force and awkwardness. It would be impossible for me to estimate the number of cars we loaded.

At noon we would receive a pint of soup made from carrots, cabbage, and soy-beans. Once a week they would give us two salt fish to be put in the soup for one hundred and eighty-two men. For supper we got one slice of bread and a cup of coffee. These were very slim rations for a man to do manual labor on. Our hours were from seven until we got

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through—all the way from ten to eighteen hours a day.

Once as a detail of French prisoners passed us one of the fellows dropped a pile of something white in the road.

"Patty," I said, "that looks like flour."

"No, Spook, that looks like salt," answered Patty. I went over to taste it and found it to be sugar.

"Salt, hell!" I exclaimed, "it's sugar." Patty and I were down on our knees eating the sugar out of the street. The rest of the men pounced on us when they found we had something to eat and for a few minutes it looked as though there was going to be a fight.

Our beds at Sedan were just straw ticks with no blankets to cover with at all. During the night our bodies would go to sleep from lack of nourishing food and we would lie there like a dead person. We could not move a muscle in our bodies on the side we were lying on. The fleas were thick in our quarters. From our shoulders to our finger-tips we were bitten so badly that we looked as though we had scarlet fever. A number of men were in the attic with only a small skylight for ventilation. One night about midnight the anti-aircraft and machine-guns opened fire all over town. Soon we heard a whirring noise and then an explosion. The force of the explosion shook the whole building. We knew the air-bombs had hit fairly close to us. The Americans dropped two bombs that night; one on the hospital near the depot and the other on the railroad track. The one bomb that hit the hospital killed forty Jerries, and the other one tore up several hundred feet of track. We were accused of directing the American planes by using a candle-light near this small window we had in the roof. Every time after that, when any planes came over, we had to put out the light and beat it for the cellar.

Our smoking-tobacco gave out and the fellows were smoking anything they could lay their hands on. Crocker had some money, and he used to buy cigars from the guards at one mark apiece and ten men would smoke one cigar. When it got to be lip-burners we would put the snipe out, dry it, and then roll it up and put the crumbs in a tobacco-sack. When we had enough snipes we would roll cigarettes out of the tobacco, and the men would take their turns smoking. One day a guard gave me a whole cigarette and I was almost murdered by a gang of bucks all wanting a puff off of it.

Our next work was to load flour from the cars to a narrow-gauge car in the railroad-yard. I took a sack along and told the guard I was going to steal some flour. He said all right, so we cut open a sack and filled up mine. When we left our work that night he told me to hide the flour under my coat and get in the middle of the bunch so the rest of the German guards could not see us. I finally got into camp with it. Upon our arrival we were told we were leaving Sedan for Rastatt, as the allied forces were closing in on the town and they did not want us to be recaptured. The next thing was, what was I to do with the flour? I was going to take it along, but how? I went up to my quarters and made a sack as long as my trouser-leg. When I had it filled I put it on the inside of my clothes and no one could hardly notice any difference. We were called out at midnight and taken to our trains, but did not load on them until two-thirty in the morning. It was raining all the time, and when we finally got on the

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trains we were soaked through. The flour was wet but I knew it would dry out, so kept it.

We had not been riding long when our train was put on a siding to let a troop-train pass. All the soldiers on it were young lads from sixteen to eighteen years old. Their coaches were all decorated with flowers and leaves. In the buttonholes of their coats they each wore a flower that had been put there by a mother or sweetheart. When they saw us American prisoners, they jeered at us and called us American swine-dogs.

Our guard, after the train passed, turned to a fellow from Pennsylvania who could talk German and said: "Those boys are on their way to the front lines. They are making fun of you, but after they are facing the American machine-guns for an hour they will wish they were home. I have been in the war since it started and fought all the Allies, but never did I meet a bunch of men that fight the way the Americans do. They never stop unless they are seriously wounded or killed." That sounded very good to us coming from a German soldier.

We finally were moving again, and at last arrived at Rastatt about eight o'clock on October 18.

It was about five kilos from the town to the camp, so when we arrived there it was quite late. They took us down to the bathhouse as soon as we arrived in camp, as the Jerries would allow no one to go to the barracks unless he was thoroughly deloused. After we had undressed and put our clothes in the delouser, some Yanks that worked there cut off our hair as close as they possibly could with a pair of clippers. After bumming some cigarettes from the Yanks, we dressed and went to some barracks that we were to occupy temporarily. I showed one of the American sergeants the flour I had with me, so I traded a bowl of the flour for a can of corn willie and a box of hardtack. Grasso and I sat down on our ticks and had a good meal before we went to bed. It sure tasted good to us that night, although I have seen the time when both of us crabbed because that was all the rations we were receiving.

The camp at Rastatt was situated in a valley, there being mountains all around us. The camp was built in the shape of a letter "L." I do not know how many acres it covered, but it was the largest prison camp for Americans the Germans had. The camp was surrounded by a ten-foot barbed-wire fence with a three-foot projection inward of barbed wire. The top wire was charged, so that if any one touched it a bell would ring in the guard-house. It was impossible to climb this fence, due to the projection. The camp was divided off into blocks, with streets going to each block. Every gate had a guard. There were also guards walking on the outside of the stockade. Large lamps were placed every fifty feet along the outside of the stockade so that the guards could see any one that would try to go through the wire. Each block contained four barracks, each one of which would accommodate one hundred and fifty men. This was done so that too many men could not get together at one time. Between blocks seven and eleven were about one thousand Russian prisoners.

The next day, October 19, was issue day for the American Red Cross. We received new clothes and a box of food. This box was to last us one week. It gave us one can of meat and a box of hardtack a day and a can of vegetables every other day. When two or three men went

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together, they could manage fine and have plenty of food for the week. All of our clothes were new. We also received razors and all toilet necessities. All the men were registered and a record sent to America. We were also given our prison numbers, that had to be sewed to our left coat-sleeve. My number was 84,679. This was the way they checked us up each day. The next day we received some serum. I do not know what it was for, but after we received the shot we became paralyzed in that side for several hours. Six men were shot with one syringe of serum. I was glad that one man did not get it all, like we did in this country.

Grasso and I wanted some flapjacks one morning for breakfast, so I went over to the infirmary and told them I had a sour stomach. They gave me two soda tablets. I went back to my barracks, and that night Grasso and I mixed up some batter for cakes. Grasso got up early the next morning so he would be the first one on the stove and started to fry cakes. When I got up at eight o'clock he had a nice stack for me. They sure tasted good, even if Alfredo did get a cussing for getting up so early and waking every one.

A number of Americans were sent out of camp with new clothes to go to work. They were told the work was very clean and the detail would only last fifteen days. There were twenty-five men in the party. They were sent to a jam factory to peel fruit. The juice from the fruit was ruining their clothes, so some of the men found some sacks and used them for aprons. The guards became very angry at this and took the sacks away. When the fifteen days were up, the Germans wanted to keep the men there for a longer stay, as they were a good bunch to work. The men refused to work any more in the jam factory, so the guards brought the men back to camp. When Captain VonTouscher, the officer in charge of the camp, found this out he was very angry and was going to force the men to go back to this work. He had this detail fall out and took one of the smallest men as the leader and sent him to the guard-house on bread and water. He told the rest of the men he would give them until dinner to decide whether or not they wanted to work. He thought by sending this one man to the guard-house the rest would give in. The men, after they were dismissed, decided they would not go to work. When VonTouscher came back after dinner he had with him six guards. The Yanks were lined up in single file with the guards facing them. He asked them if they were ready to go to work and their answer was "No."

The captain then ordered the guards to load their rifles, and still the men refused. The next command was aim. Almost all the men in the block were around them, and if a gun was fired we were going to fight to a finish.

The captain again asked the men if they would work, but still the answer was "No," even in the face of death. The officer, realizing he could not force the men to go back to the jam factory, fell in his guards and walked away. It was not long after he left that two guards brought Shorty up from the guard-house and turned him loose. No more Americans were taken away from Rastatt to work on any kind of detail.

Early every morning twenty men would be called out to go to Rastatt with a two-horse wagon for bread. It was a nice trip going down, but coming back it was a little different. We would load one thousand loaves of bread on the wagon; each loaf weighed about five

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pounds; so you see that was quite a load for twenty men. We did not mind it much, for we had all day to make the trip and knew there was no use killing ourselves. Near the bakery was a training-ground for the boys of Germany for the army. All of them were about sixteen years old. We used to sit and watch them go through their drills while the wagon was being loaded. Other times we used to wander through the bakery and watch the men work. Only two men could load the wagon, as each loaf was checked by a guard, and two was all he could watch.

All the hauling in the camp was done by man-power. Every available horse the Germans had was up at the front on artillery cannons. When a horse was killed in action he was cleaned immediately and the meat sent back for food. I know, for I saw some of it and ate it.

In November an epidemic of pneumonia spread over the camp. Men were dying each day, as we had no medicine to give them. We were forced to stay out of our barracks all day, as they were opened up to let the wind blow through them. We took setting-up exercises two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon so that we would get some exercise to keep us from getting sick. Crocker, my buddy, got a bad cold on his chest. One could hear him breathe at night all over the barracks. He would not go to the hospital, as he knew if he did he would never come out again.

I happened to remember that years ago mother used to put a flannel rag on my chest saturated with goose-grease and turpentine. Those were two things that were hard to find in Germany, but I found some salt-pork rinds over at the kitchen. That night I took one of Crock's blankets, a woollen one, and tore it lengthwise about eight inches wide. I wrapped six feet of this wool around his chest and sewed it. I cut up the rinds into small pieces and fried out all the grease. After I had about a quart of the hot fat, Crock lay down on his bunk and I saturated the piece of blanket on his chest. He then put on two wool undershirts, two khaki shirts, and crawled into bed. He covered up with three blankets and his and my overcoats. Just before the lights went out that night I made him drink a quart of hot coffee. I did not go to bed that night, as he had all of my covers. I sat around the stove and listened to Crock breathe. The next morning his chest had loosened up some, so I shot two C. C. pills into him. From then on he got better, and in several days he did not have a cough. This was the first part of November. I told him not to take the cloth off, as he would catch cold again. He realized how near death he was, so he kept the wool on his chest until we arrived at the American hospital in France, on December 9.

On the morning of November 9 we awoke, and noticed on the bulletin-board in our block were the terms of the Austrian armistice. They had already signed. We knew then that it would not be long before Germany would sign peace terms. The guards told us the war was about over. They were always talking about the Prince of Baden being such a wonderful man. We found out later that he was one of the men that started the overthrow of the Kaiser. On the night of November 10 the citizens and soldiers held a mass-meeting in Rastatt. We did not know what it was all about, but found out early the next morning.

November 11 when we arose the gates of the prison were open. This we could not understand. Finally a guard came along. His bayonet was not on his

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rifle. He was wearing a cap instead of his helmet with the double eagle. The bolt was gone from his rifle and he wore no cartridge-belt. Even the buttons on his coat were cut off and he had it pinned shut. He told us the war was over. The soldiers had gotten rid of everything that had the imperial emblem on. We could do as we pleased from then on as far as the guards were concerned. This was about eight o'clock in the morning. At ten a car carrying a red flag drove into camp and posted on our bulletin-board the terms of the armistice that the German delegates were on their way to sign. Of course we were happy; in fact, so happy that we were dumfounded. Not a man gave a cheer. Shortly after twelve an airplane flew over camp. We do not know if it was a German or American plane, but it dropped a paper. It informed us that the war was over and that preparations were being made to take us out of Germany. I bet Crocker a new hat that we would either be on the high seas or in America for Christmas, but sorry to say I lost.

Four of our men were employed in the city of Rastatt working at the gas factory. Every morning at four o'clock their guard used to come into the barracks and call for them, waking up all the men in the barracks. After the signing of the armistice the fellows did not want to work. On the morning of November 12 the guard came in and called them just the same. That night the men in the barracks got together and decided to drive the guard out. Each man took six tin cans to bed with him. The next morning the guard came in and called. The men did not answer him, so he started to wake them up. He had not gone far when every man in the barracks threw a can. The guard was so surprised that he turned around and ran back to the door. The door swung inward and he had an awful time trying to get out. In the meantime the cans were still flying. He called for help from some American sergeants, but the door to their room was the side of the door that led outside. Finally the guard got out of the building. That morning, when we stood roll-call, the sergeant in charge gave the whole bunch a bawling out. The German was there with bumps, bruises, and cuts all over his head. That was the last morning he came in to call the men. The detail was called off.

Every day a bunch of us used to go to town with the guard. As soon as we were in town the guard would leave us and we were to meet him later and go back to camp. Whenever we went to town we would take along a pound of coffee or a bar of soap. Either one would bring from fifteen to thirty marks. That was enough money for four fellows to put on a party. It was on one of these trips that I traded a half bar of soap for a German pipe which I brought home for Dad.

The whole camp was anxious to leave Rastatt and could not understand why we did not leave. Sergeant Halyburton called the men together and told us the Swiss would come in and take us out. He also said that if they did not come in in the next two weeks we would start for the Rhine River in a body. Most of the men had some kind of a sack to carry their rations in and were ready to leave. The day that the two weeks were up the sergeant put us off again. Crocker, Murphy, Hirons, Quinn, Reister, others, and myself to the number of fifteen were going through the wire that night. We had stolen a pair of bolt-cutters and had everything ready for a getaway at ten o'clock. About nine we heard a commo-

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tion outside and rushed to the door. A number of men were outside talking and laughing, and one of them said we were going to leave that night. Up went a cheer. Just then one of the fellows came arunning and said there were some Swiss officers over in the Germans' office. A short time later the commander of our block called us out and asked us to be ready to leave in fifteen minutes. We all ran back in our barracks and grabbed our food. Some of the fellows started to break up the bunks and dishes when the sergeant's whistle blew.

We rode all night, and the next morning were almost in Switzerland. We went through a town close to the Rhine River and there was a Prussian guard walking close to the train. He happened to be walking in the same direction with the train. One of the fellows leaned out of the car-window, caught the soldier's helmet by the spike, and slipped the strap off of his chin just as nice, and he had a helmet for a remembrance of Germany. He was afterward offered fifteen hundred francs for it, but would not sell it.

We continued our journey through Switzerland across the top of the Alps. Some of the sights we saw were beyond description. One place in particular we were up so high that the clouds were beneath us. Way down in the valley was a lake, and around the edge of this was built a town. The sun was shining down through the clouds forming beautiful colors below. We arrived at Vichy, France, about 10 A. M. on December 9, 1918. We were met at the depot by the American Red Cross workers. We formed in column of squads and started off for the hospital. Bucks were lined up on both sides of the street, trying to see if they could find any of their lost buddies.

I was sent to a hotel which was converted into a hospital, across the street from the large bathhouse at Vichy. We did not go to the mess in the mess-hall, as we were put on a diet so that we could get our stomachs back to normal capacity again. If we had been allowed to go to regular mess, some of the men would have eaten all they could and some would possibly have died from overeating.

One day after being dismissed from the hospital I wandered over the town and passed a small store that had some Swiss cheese in the window. I went in and bought two pounds of it and came out and sat down on the curbing and ate it. Believe me, it sure was noble.

We were in camp until the first part of February, when we got orders to move on toward the coast. We entrained in American box-cars, forty men to the car, and started on our trip to Brest. It was cold riding, and as we had no fires we were very cold. I froze both of my feet before we detrained at Brest and went on board the transport *Plattsburg*.

It took us nine and a half days to cross the ocean. It sure was a pretty sight to see the Statue of Liberty and the skyline of New York City. As we pulled into the harbor, a tug containing a reception committee and band came out to meet our boat. They came up alongside of our boat and took oars and on them passed pies over to the men. They threw cigarettes and candy over to the boys. It was both a joyous and a sad home-coming. The band was playing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," but too many of the men knew different.

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Eskimo Butterfly

BY MARY LEE DAVIS

Mary Lee Davis, who has been interpreting Alaska as a land not entirely inhabited by Eskimos, for SCRIBNER'S readers, here tells the moving story of the first Eskimo she ever saw.

WHEN I came to live in Alaska I expected to have only brown Eskimos for neighbors. Instead, I found myself in a Main Streeted mining-town, tucked down just under the Arctic Circle, and with a thousand-odd white and genuine American fellow citizens. I found myself also the source of no little amusement to these new friends when I asked of them in bewilderment: "But where are the Eskimos?" My schoolbooks had told only enough of the truth to whet a child's keen curiosity, for I discovered now that not all of Alaska is Eskimo-land, but only a portion of it; and people here told me that I might stay on in Fairbanks many years and never see an Eskimo.

But on a sharp and frost-etched morning of my first winter in the north, walking the streets of our frontier town, briskly intent on my Christmas marketing, I glimpsed a little woman so exotically furred, in a silky soft parka of silver muskrat hooded deeply in a ruff of gray-black wolf, that the living vivid picture brought back all my childhood fancy. I followed her for blocks, fascinated, forgetting the cold.

Next day our local newspaper put a new edge to my sharpened interest, for it described how an Eskimo woman had just come to our town, from the farthest north of Herschel Island, with a certain Captain Fergus, a man well known in the Arctic as notorious adventurer, trader, explorer, daredevil sailor, and dog-musher. In temperatures that for days would slip to sixty below zero and cling there, these two human bits of drift had won their lonely way across the winter wastelands which lie between us and the all-frozen sea—a trail, as they had come, of nearly a thousand miles. The Eskimo girl was a native of Nome, far away to the westward, and had set out with this Fergus into the still farther north, as "cook and seamstress" on one of his extended expeditions. When *The News-Miner* ended its account with the statement that these strangers had made temporary quarters in the old Sliskovitch cabin I resolved to go there at once and see face to face again the lost picture I had at last recaptured.

But it was Captain Fergus, and not the girl, whom I first saw as I stepped quickly inside from the sharp cold of that December midday. He was a man desperately tall; and I who all my life have suffered from most unwomanish height never before had felt the sense of such an overpowering size in any human creature. His black head brushed the fur mittens and drying mukluks dangling from the ridge-pole; his great arms reached low. He seemed Jack London's Sea Wolf, come to life

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there. And his eyes were burned and dark with some curdled murk of hate. I do confess that for one first swift moment I knew the salty taste of fear.

But the little copper woman slipped from out the corner shadows of the room and spoke to him, as we two white folk stood there in the dumb instinctive appraisement of mutual dislike.

"You make talk, now, this lay-dee? I go." She stood close by me, so very tiny in her heelless mukluks. But I hurried to answer for him. "Don't go! I came to talk to *you*. I came to ask about the pretty parka I saw you wearing yesterday."

I stepped aside to let the man pass out, nor did I turn to look, for with his going the picture suddenly became real. Her dark eyes glowed upon me, her oval face of bronze was lighted by a smile as soft, as sweet, as that of Madame Butterfly. She fluttered about the cramped cabin, first to arrange a bale of furs for me to sit upon, then to thrust still more wood into the Yukon stove—with generous intent, although the tiny room was already smothering hot—and finally to pour me tea, with a murmur of the cold which lay in wait without the dusky small-windowed walls. All this she did with a charm that was oriental and quaint, with flick of small deft hands, with swift trippings of tiny fur-sandalled feet.

Oriental was true word for her. Even her broken, tumbled, staccato English caught some echo of an Asiatic rhythm. Swathe her fragile dignity in luxurious kimono folds, give those eloquent hands a fan to flutter, and this wee thing was surely another Butterfly. Yet only yesterday she had overcome a thousand miles of death-ridden Arctic trail, and was unwearied.

"You first white lay-dee, come, my cabin. White lay-dee drink, all time, tea, Captain Fergus he say. Captain Fergus and Muk-pi go, from Nome, five year, now. My brother live, all time, Nome. My sister, Nome. Very good girl, my sister. One, two, sister. One, two, brother. Very long time, no see, brother."

She tossed back her small dark head with a brave, gay gesture.

"Lay-dee go, some time, Nome, maybe? Nome, very good place. My people, Innuit, live all time, Nome. My brother, all time make cut, ivory, walrus tooth, what-you-call mas-to-don. My brother all time fish, hunt, make trap. Captain Fergus, he come, he say my brother—'Tuk-tuk, Chick-em, I take Muk-pi, maybe, my boat, long time. We catch plenty seal, plenty silver fox, plenty you-call sable. Muk-pi make cook, Muk-pi make sew, Muk-pi make learn plenty, white people way. Muk-pi learn, all time, speak, white people. Muk-pi learn, all time, make count, white people. White people money, how do!' "

She broke again from this quick and tumbled speech into a smile that fairly covered me.

"You see?" she cried. "Now I go back, my people. I speak, very good, white people talk. My brother, very much please. Captain Fergus, very good man. Captain Fergus give, my brother, big white people money. Captain Fergus very good friend, my people, Innuit. Captain Fergus very good friend, Muk-pi. He stay Nome, all time, now."

This world rover, this wolf of seven seas—good, kind, and friendly? Never, I thought. But I must make some answer to all this glowing speech, and at last I ventured: "Muk-pi, if you are going back to Nome so soon, why not let

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me buy your parka? I'll pay you good white people gold money for it, if you will sell it to me."

"Muk-pi Fergus, my name, long time," she parried. "You like him, parka? Muk-pi make. Hunt plenty muskrat, Mackenzie River. Hunt wolf, hunt wolverine. Make trap, kill. Make pickle, tan. Cut, sew, make parka. Captain Fergus say, all time, 'Skookum muskrat-belly parka.' Muk-pi make mukluk, very good. Walrus, reindeer, mukluk."

"Yes, I know, Muk-pi Fergus. Very good parka. That's why I want it, because you did it all yourself. I give you gold money."

"My people," she repeated—"I go, now, plenty soon. Very glad see Muk-pi, long time. Captain Fergus give big present, my people. Muk-pi Fergus no sell, him parka. Muk-pi Fergus no take, white people money. Captain Fergus get plenty money, all time. Winter parka, him. We go Nome, now. Muk-pi wear winter parka, all time. No sell him, lay-dee!"

The child-woman smiled up into my eyes. Her eyes smiled, too. Almost, I felt, the little hands that fluttered toward me to aid the fluttering broken speech, they too smiled to me. It was so evident that she was hurt to have to say this "no," her oriental courtesy so grieved to refuse any friendly request. She stood before me, seeking my eyes, and begging as woman to a woman that I understand. She was going back now to her people, in a glory of accomplishment, travelled, educated, with rare knowledge of the world, enriched. Surely I, blundering forthright Saxon though I was, must understand that she could never sell me this parka—her one suitable winter garment that had been wrought at such pains—when the royal home-coming was so soon to be made.

Was "Muk-pi Fergus" really her name? Such traders sometimes married with her people, I had heard. It was good business policy, for it gave them the inside, the edge, in a deal. And affairs of commerce all aside, who could fail to be charmed by this grace, this courtesy, this slave-like devotion, this utter and selfless giving? Perhaps some whiteness in him, hidden deep from my white woman's eyes, really cared for and was bound in loyalty to this bit of tempered beautiful copper. Since it was all too evident, now, that the lovely parka was not for me, I rose to go.

"O lay-dee, no go! I *like* make talk, white lay-dee. *Nice* white lay-dee!" The soft voice coaxed and the small hands, wonderfully strong, all but forced me to a seat again. "All time, so many year, no lay-dee. Plenty man. Sailor man, man-look-find-gold, man-make-trap. No lay-dee. I like make lay-dee talk. Please?"

Talk! She told of the much-loved brothers in Nome, one a skilled cutter of ancient ivory—mammoth and fossil walrus—the other a hunter on the frozen winter seas, whose kill was of hair seal and the great white polar bear. She told of her two sisters, O-ti-ouk and Maw-graw-gee, and their children. She told of her own years upon the Arctic slope—the going eastward, eastward, along the dreary Arctic slope until finally that strange people the explorers call "blond Eskimo" were found.

"Blond, as I am, Muk-pi Fergus?" I asked, and pointed to my yellow hair and blue eyes.

"No, no!" she smiled, very much amused. "No, no! Hair like Muk-pi.

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Skin like Muk-pi. Big, big nose—like lay-dee."

But my nose isn't big! I showed surprise and perhaps offense. She was quick to see this and quick, too, to make her swift amends.

"My people—my people very bad. My people some time make laugh, big nose, white people. Very bad, make laugh."

She was so disarming. Of course *they* had no real noses at all, those oriental folk who had once crossed the so-narrow straits from Asia. Our noses must indeed seem enormous to them, an exaggerated Cyrano deformity!

She told, too, of the traps for rare silver foxes this Fergus had set and how, after catching but one, no others would come to them. She explained patiently how it had been "so fon-nee" —he had forgotten to cut the tendons in the slain fox's legs. I did not understand, so she explained it all again to me, amazed at my stupidity, but courteous always.

"Captain Fergus, he one time catch very good fox. He kill. But, lay-dee, he no cut him string, in leg. He no tie, him mouth. Fox—you call him ghost, maybe—run away, quick, with him good leg. Fox ghost make talk, him people. Him mouth, Captain Fergus no tie. Him eye, all time see. Fox ghost talk all time, so, him people. 'White man, come. He catch. Take plenty care, my fox people.'

"We go other country. Muk-pi make him trap. Muk-pi catch him fox. Muk-pi kill. Quick, cut him string, in leg! Quick, tie him mouth, tight! Quick, shut him eye! Good. Now he no run, now he no talk, him people—no see, white man, make him trap. All time, we catch plenty good fox, *him* same place."

Surely, even the ignorant white lay-dee could understand such simple magic? Out of my own childhood and remembered fairy tale, I clearly saw its truth and its reality.

During the holiday interest of the weeks that followed my call upon the little Eskimo, plus the new work of Red Cross organization for the women of all transmontane Alaska—a job which had recently been put on me—I completely lost track of the small alien woman. I never saw her upon the street, I had given up all hope of securing the lovely parka, and although I often thought of her, for something that was hers had caught upon my heart strings, it was to imagine her already and long since departed over the snows again, and now safely with her own people.

So January of 1918 ran into brief February, the winter-lost sun came dazzling back again to our long-dark world of night, and the white snow gleam now blinded us in the blaze of vernal March. Then I answered a faint knock at my cabin door one day, to discover small Eskimo Muk-pi standing there, clad in her faded blue denim house-parka, the muskrat coat held child-wise in her arms. She entered slowly, a very quiet and dim little figure, all the once-gay twitter and flutter and bird-like grace quite gone. She held out to me the long-coveted garment, with a wistful question in her searching eyes.

"You buy him parka, now, maybe?" Then sensing my surprise at this offer, after that once so definite refusal, she answered it very simply. "Muk-pi, long time, no eat."

"But my child," I cried, taking the heavy fur and laying it swiftly by, "do you mean to say you haven't *eaten?*

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How long? And where is Captain Fergus? Doesn't he provide for you? Why didn't he take you back to Nome?—Wait. This talk is foolish. You are hungry."

I filled a big bowl each of milk and crackers and brought them to her where she sat drooped upon the couch. I knelt beside her while she ate and drank slowly, as I insisted she must do.

"You buy him parka, lay-dee?" she asked at length, both bowls now empty.

"Yes—yes, indeed—if you wish it, Muk-pi Fergus. My name is Davis, Mrs. Davis. Don't you want to call me that? And tell me, Muk-pi, where is Captain Fergus?"

"He go way, long time. He take him fox skin, martin skin. He say, 'I go, make trade. Plenty money.' He no come, long time."

"But, Muk-pi, aren't you his wife? He can't go away and leave you like that, with nothing. Do you mean to say he left you there without food, or money, or credit at the store? Tell me. We have a law, you know, for men like that."

But the little bronze woman, searching my indignant eyes, broke in upon my questioning. "No, no, lay-dee, please, mississ Day-vees. No say bad word, Captain Fergus. No make law talk, Captain Fergus. Him very good man. Leave grocery, meat, wood, him cabin. All go, now, long time. Something bad make happen, Captain Fergus. Sedna, old sea-woman, maybe catch him. He go, now, long time, make trade. No come.

"All time Muk-pi make song—make song, all time, my people. Song, make all time warm, here, lay-dee!" And she laid a wee brown hand across her poor too-long-empty girth. "Make song, no hon-gree, no catch him big pain, here!" And she smiled across to me for the first time—that swift, infectious, lovely smile of hers. She was half child, and half an oriental woman.

"But, Muk-pi, he is your husband, and he is well known here. Listen to me, now. You go to-day to the Company Store and say: 'I'm Muk-pi Fergus, wife of Captain Fergus, and I must have groceries. You know Captain Fergus, long time. He has plenty fur, he has good boat, good placer claims. You give me groceries, now. Captain Fergus will pay, when he comes back.'—You see?"

"Lay-dee, mississ Day-vees, my people, Innuit, no make husband all same, white people. White people, very long trail, my people. White people all same Uk-na-vik-na-muit. Place-on-other-side-other-side-people. No, no, lay-dee. Innuit no make him husband, all same, white people make him, husband. Captain Fergus no make, Mission husband, Muk-pi. No make, Bible husband, Muk-pi. Make husband, Innuit, all same my people. Company Store, no time know, maybe, my people way, make husband."

Well, there it was, simple enough, and in a nutshell.

She wriggled her drying feet over the warm air of the register in pleased physical comfort. She looked up at me shyly, to learn if by any chance I had taken offense at being called a stranger, one of the people living in villages far beyond—I, the tall, white, alien woman to whom so many simple things must be explained.

I felt no compunction now in buying that parka, for I knew that the money would mean life and warmth and food. And with April near, the lighter house-

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parka would be sufficient warmth to this cold-inured little body, even for out of doors. I made her promise to buy fuel and food, and to come back to me again in any difficulty whatsoever. She left, smiling up to me.

"Muk-pi catch Captain Fergus, now, maybe, him cabin. One good day, he come."

"One good day, he'll come!" That, then, was the song, a song of Muk-pi's people, too—the old, old song to warm the hearts of weary women who wait, world over. I remembered so well how I had listened to it last, that very song pouring out from the frame of hushed and shadowed crimson gold: a song that had filled the dark spaces of the opera house—a stipple of white and upturned faces drinking in its liquid beauty, with caught breath drinking in its pathetic, wistful, tragic beauty. Butterfly's song.

Soon I was surely to know that Muk-pi could not by any chance be happy here with us; for in a long talk with a dog-musher friend—to whom Fergus on leaving had sold his Siberians—I learned that the man had set out definitely for the States, though he might possibly return to Nome some time later. So I hunted out Muk-pi in her cabin that very day, bringing with me a strange burden for an Eskimo call—a great bundle of Red Cross wool and knitting needles.

"Look, Muk-pi," I cried, "did you ever try to knit?"

" 'Nit,' mississ Day-vees? I no see him, 'nit.' "

"It's this way, Muk-pi. All the women of Alaska are making socks and sweaters—warm things, knit, with these needles. See? So-fashion. I am so busy, every day, telling about our Red Cross, I've no time left at all, to knit, myself. Now, you learn to knit and do my share for me while I am writing, and I'll pay you good gold money for each pair of socks you make. It's March now. April, May, and in the middle of June the first boat will maybe be going down the river, Muk-pi—our big river that goes almost to Nome. You can take the boat, then, and go back to your own people. Do you see? Make much money knitting socks, buy ticket, and go to Nome, first boat."

I was so happy over this scheme of mine and it seemed so very simple and practical. But her usually responsive face remained a blank.

"Captain Fergus, lay-dee, he no make find, him Muk-pi, this place—Muk-pi go boat, all time, Nome. How come, lay-dee, mississ Day-vees?"

"Muk-pi," I said, and though I stretched the truth I thought it justified in such a friendly cause, "Captain Fergus make talk one man this place—old friend, mush dogs many days, old times, together. You see? Captain Fergus say this man: 'I go Nome, this summer.' This man say to me: 'Mrs. Davis, you know Muk-pi, Innuit girl? You tell her Captain Fergus he say: "I go Nome, this summer." ' "

The lithe brown hands reached eagerly and caught up the ball of khaki wool.

"How come you make him, nit?" she cried. "You good girl, lay-dee, you make show him Muk-pi, quick, how make him, nit!"

I verily believe that no one in the history of the World War learned to knit in such record time as did my Muk-pi. It was no credit to the teacher, for I am at best a clumsy and a plodding knitter. But with her, it flew. And as the snows melted on the hills above camp, as the

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creeks broke bank and at last the great Yukon and the Tanana flowed free, so too my sparse bank balance melted away in the flowing stream of Muk-pi's beautifully knitted socks.

When she left us on the first down-Yukon boat for Nome it was a hard parting for us both, as we had no notion then that the Fates had planned for our trails to cross again, in that far-stretched empty Alaskan world of ours. But almost on the very day of her departure my husband received word from Washington to examine for the government, at once, some reported tin deposits near Lost River, on Bering Strait, beyond Nome. So that we found ourselves leaving also for Nome on board the very next boat.

Nome has no harbor, but lies sprawled along a straggling low shore-line. Vessels anchor outside and passengers are lightered in. So we were dropped over the side of the *Victoria* and were finally deposited in the little town.

Suddenly, as we started to walk up one of the now half-deserted streets, a human avalanche fell upon us. We were surrounded, caught, bombarded. Shrill cries, yelps of excited dogs, children, screams—and out of the midst of it came Muk-pi herself, a little human dynamo, clutching me, clinging to me. We were entirely surrounded by a group of perhaps thirty broadly grinning Eskimos—men, women, children —and dogs!

"My people!" Muk-pi cried, embracing this whole mob in a sweeping gesture of happy introduction. "Mississ Day-vees, Mis-taire Day-vees, my people. My brother, Tuk-tuk. My brother, Chick-em. My sister, Maw-graw-gee. My sister, O-ti-ouk. My sister, bay-bee. My brother, bay-bee. All, my people! —How come, you go Nome, lay-dee? How come? Good, very good, you go, Nome. You live, now, all time, my people."

"Oh, no, Muk-pi! We haven't come to stay. We are on our way north, perhaps up into the Arctic. How come, you meet boat? You didn't look for us. No one knew we were coming."

"Captain Fergus say, he go Nome, summer. Muk-pi, my people, go see. White man boat, come. Captain Fergus, no come." She looked at me, with question, and I answered hurriedly, "But you mustn't expect him on the very first boat from outside, little Muk-pi. There are three months more of summer, before the last boat. And he may be coming on any one of them."

So we were escorted to our hotel by the thirty trailing natives, much to the assembled amusement of the town. When Muk-pi found that we were to be in Nome for several days, securing a boat and provisions for our northern trip, she arranged that I was to spend each morning with her and her people who lived out on the sand-spit beyond the white man's town. Here, in summer, are camped not only the native inhabitants of that region, but also King Islanders, Eskimos from Saint Lawrence Island and the Diomedes, and families from the Straits and the Shishmaref and Kotzebue country, with kindred Siberian natives as well. All come in their boats of skin to Nome, to trade, to visit, to sell their furs and fossil ivory, to make merry in their own carefree, happy, summer-holiday fashion.

For a people who live through the long winter months so close to imminent death, whose days are compact of hardship, who know so well the tooth of hunger and the bite of utter cold, whose near neighbor is the paleocrys-

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tic sea, whose very name for winter (Uk-shuk) is a verbal shiver—to possess such amazing humor and sweetness and amity as I witnessed, those days spent among Muk-pi's kinsfolk, was beyond my comprehension.

Muk-pi knew that I was interested in their tiny cabins on the isolated sand-spit, the shifting communities of visiting families, piled together on that wind-blown beach, living in apparent helter-skelter, housekeeping handily under the shelter of their propped-up umiaks—the freight-boats or woman-boats in which they have travelled with their families, plus numerous dogs, time immemorial; and do so travel, even to-day, from Asia to America and return.

Later, along the shores of Port Clarence, we often saw them with dogs hitched to crowded umiaks, as a mule would be hitched to a canal-boat, and yelping joyously as they ran in swift teams along the beach. Sometimes the skin boat the dogs were towing boasted an improvised sail—also of skin; and the crew would be singing and laughing and shouting, all in wild clamor. More families of the happy Innuit going visiting—a gay and friendly lot. Even the very dogs, rushing down the curve of the beach margin in a scurry of pebble and foam, grinned and yelped to us, in passing.

Muk-pi made it a matter of pride that I should see every individual native on her sand-spit and interview any that I cared to, through her friendly offices as interpreter; certainly be introduced to them as her friend from that far, strange interior—beyond the land of the A-koo-luk-pug-a-mut, the Big Tundra People, eastward—the inner land of which they were indeed childishly curious but one which they had never known, nor cared personally to know.

For, impossible as it seems to us who so love the sun and a land of grass and of trees, theirs is a tundra culture, exclusively and by choice. They truly love and cling by real affection to their reindeer-moss-land, where the moors stretch out ever to the eastward, where the eight-months-frozen sea yields hard-won meaty harvest, and the great slate-gray headlands, upsprung from the bird-screaming rocks, are unpainted with any living touch of green; are undraped even by the softening blue of atmosphere, in the clear and stark white northern light.

Muk-pi insisted upon measuring me for a pair of mukluks, which the three sisters together planned to make for me. Mukluks are boots which extend to a point just below the knee, the upper parts being made of reindeer and the sole of walrus hide. There was a great chatter about it, between Muk-pi, her sisters, and the brothers too who stood by to give advice. The whole matter was conducted in that constant click and clack and cluck of most unsilent hard Arctic c's, inevitable, apparently, to every word of their speech.

A great strip of walrus hide was laid out upon the ground and I was told to put my stockinged foot upon it. I did, and Muk-pi then drew an outline about an inch beyond the actual foot. This margin would be turned up all around to form a water-proof sole, *after* the edges had been well chewed to pliability by Muk-pi, O-ti-ouk, and Maw-graw-gee. For that, so they assured me, was the only proper way to make hard leather soft and workable.

Tuk-tuk the ivory worker told me, in broken English, that a man of his people must be very particular on the

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subject of teeth, in choosing a wife. If the wife's teeth were anywhere missing, or were otherwise inadequate to the serious daily business of chewing the edge of mukluk soles, then the family went most improperly shod. And a leaky mukluk might well mean a frozen foot, a gangrened limb, and death.

"Muk-pi," I asked one day, watching their swift concentrated deftness, "why did you put all those long fluffy strips of wolverene on your winter parka—on the tip of the hood, the shoulders, and the long ones all across the back? They are pretty, and so graceful. But not for use, are they? Just for ornament, for make pretty? There are none at all on your summer parka, I've noticed." It was a question I had long had on my mind.

But even Muk-pi's alert distaste against hurting the feelings of another scarcely kept her from an evident scorn at this display of ignorance. To her sisters she flashed a swift aside in sharp, tart, Innuit staccato. She seemed to be saying: "Just think of that! The size of this woman—and with a husband, too—and she doesn't know *that!* See how incredible is the ignorance of these white people!"—a scorn left mercifully untranslated, for what she answered me was spoken in her usual sweet courtesy.

"Lay-dee, missis Day-vees, devil and him wife live, all time, big hole—so—" and she waved an arm to the enveloping north, where all winter long the flicker of the aurora had glimmered frostily and flung out its ghostly light. "Devil wife look, one time, him stew-pot. No meat. She say, 'Devil, go quick, catch meat. Catch *man* meat.' Devil, he go. Mush long time, trail. No sun. Winter trail. All time black. Man mush, all same time, make big hunt. Devil go, quick. Man go quick. Devil make—SO——"

And she struck out a little arm so unexpectedly, and snatched so fiercely at that imaginary lonely human traveller, upon a dark and frozen winter trail, that I was truly startled.

"No hurt!" she laughed. "Him pretty good wife, that man—all time make plenty devil-catch, him parka. Head, shoulder, back, all-same you say. Devil, catch hold, one long piece, wolverene. Devil go home, quick. Devil say, 'Good meat—you see?' Devil *wife* say, 'How come, meat? You bad devil, you plenty fool, devil! Go quick, catch *man* meat.'

"Devil go back—devil no can make, catch. Man make, you-call, get-away! Good parka, winter, all time plenty devil-catch, sew on. Summer come, plenty sun, all time. Devil stay, him hole. No make devil-catch, summer parka!" Which was reasonable, surely; quite as much so as the buttons we put so carefully on our men's coat-sleeves. Could I give as good a reason for our sewing of them there?

Our trip from Nome out into the still farther north was eventful—so much so that its telling must be another story. Upon our eventual return to Nome, in late September, there was still no word of Captain Fergus or of his coming, although Muk-pi was meeting, with patient, eager hope, every vessel that arrived from the States. But the last boat of the season from Seattle was almost due. We ourselves could not wait for it to take us to Saint Michael, as our Yukon trail to the interior would soon be freezing over for the winter. So we crossed angry Norton Sound in a motor-boat and began our tedious homeward river trip at once.

And what a fortunate thing for us

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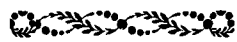
that we did! For when the *Victoria* made her last journey into Nome that year she brought with her a black, malignant, stowaway hidden deep within her peaceful cargo. No Captain Fergus, swart and bold and unrepentant, returned to greet a waiting Muk-pi. Instead there stole silently ashore, unchallenged by port officers, unseen, the grim death which soon stalked master of that beach at Nome and entered, too, into every lonely cabin of the sand-spit, taking toll of all it found there. It made accomplice of the winds that swirled new-fallen snow with sand about the now deserted streets, snarled screaming through the fireless chimneys, and cut deep fear down into the heart of the now so isolated settlement.

When the white people of Nome had recovered from the first surprised terror of this onslaught and organized themselves into some form of community relief, a group sought out the native village to see what help they could render. They found tightly closed cabins, they found black death, they found a few panic-struck children huddled there, half frozen and half starved. But of all that happy summer life which I had seen and loved they found no sign. Not one grown man or woman out of ten had survived.

And I, safe home in the shelter of my snug log cabin, far up the Yukon, heard there this rumor and wild word of pestilence that walked unchecked upon that distant beach. I knew no mail could move for many weeks across those intervening snows; but my heart was cold with fear for Muk-pi's people and I sent message after message, begging some word of her. And after long weeks of suspense the news returned that no one of all that family remained. All—all—had set out on a last long bitter trail, across the Unknown Sea.

Often since that time I have blamed myself, thinking that I, who loved her so, had been unconsciously the agent of her death. For out of a seeming friendliness I had sent her back again to her people, to die. But when I remember how alone she had been among us and how very eager to return, I believe that Muk-pi's little ghost will carry into that far world no evil thought of me. United at last with her own people, together they have set out on another of their friendly, joyous journeys, into new lands of happy visitation—deep within those hyperborean tundras whence travellers, because content there, do not return. So, at least, I wish always to remember my little Muk-pi.

But—yesterday I read that Captain Fergus is returning to the Arctic, upon another voyage of exploration and of trade, taking with him "an Eskimo cook and seamstress."



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Foraging on Parnassus

BY ONE OF THE FORAGERS

Faced by a strong and healthy new baby and a weak budget, this professor decided to crack a few academic traditions and pay his debts. This article telling how he did it, he says, pays off part of the cost of the Ph.D., acquired some fifteen years ago.

WHEN the small monthly stipend of the fixed-salary schedule of the University of Virgilina had failed me in an honest effort to prove that two persons could live as cheaply as one, I was a trifle dispirited. But when it became necessary to demonstrate that three can grow where only one had groaned before, the tradesmen of the community became disquieted. As our bills with them ran up their patience with us ran down correspondingly. A driblet increase in material reward for my labors in the realm of mind and morals was due to come to us by five or ten year periods. But it was not considered good form for a Virgilina professor to pick up extra earnings. His talents must be prostituted only in the lecture-room or laboratory.

Just as we were about to be blacklisted by the local merchants' association we heard of the wonder-working power of the budget which was then being well spoken of among professors who had so little on which to build one practically. If only we would make a budget, we were advised, we could pay our past-due accounts, live comfortably on our fixed salary, and lay aside from it something for a rainy day. But budgetary control had not been even a minor interest with me in college or graduate school, and in recent years I had spent more than had come in and generally before it arrived. So the attempted application of business principles to such trifling sums as Virgilina allowed me to administer seemed indeed a low order of humor. But the fix we were in seemed about as bad as it could be; a budget could not make matters worse, we agreed, and in it we made believe we saw a kindly light which would lead us out of the encircling gloom.

In our innocent ignorance of the subject we turned to the local community club which was offering the assistance of its committee on budget-making. This was composed of a retired bachelor capitalist, who was not connected with the university and had had a chance to become a capitalist and to retire; a member of the domestic-science department of Virgilina, who was safely beyond the draft age and its economic demands; and a bachelor member of the economics department who believed in storks and stories about babies in bulrushes and was still receiving interest on a large part of the first dollar he had made.

Out of the wisdom of these came our first budget. It included the conventional items of food, clothing, rent, church contributions, and insurance. It included nothing for domestic service, which we were taking care of personally, and nothing for doctor's bills. But it did include a little for travel, amusements, va-

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cation, and other incidentals of sweetness and light. Properly attested by the committee, the budget was delivered to us a few months before the doctor delivered our second baby. It had never been a robust budget anyway, and, now assailed by a doctor and a fresh baby, the puny thing soon collapsed. The committee could have had more light on vital expenses about to be incurred if they had not preferred to construct the budget in utter disregard of conditions contrary to facts.

The condition of our household now seemed worse than ever. Every time I took a close-up of myself I felt an inferiority complex coming on. I had had four years in an honorable if poor college and was well enough thought of by alma mater to hear regularly from the alumni office regarding the condition of the loyalty fund. I had had three years in graduate school and nearly a decade of experience in what my colleagues proudly referred to as "our profession." But I was not making even a modest living, found it impossible to meet current expenses, and still faced old obligations, which included the interest charges on loans made years before to enable me to complete the feverish drive toward the doctorate. I was an academic gypsy, an object for the hand of scorn to point its slow, unmoving finger at as a professor who did not own his home. I was possessed, moreover, of a new mouth to feed and a budget all out of kilter. New bills for the doctor, the nurse, and drug-store and other supplies, including a perambulator with wire wheels, fell monthly at my side and at my right hand. But they never came nigh me, for none of them could I meet even informally. True, my annual salary, which suffered by comparison with that of a local freight-train conductor or a carpenter, would in another ten years increase two hundred dollars, if meantime I starved not. The increase would be automatic. Virgilina had adopted a salary schedule the same year that it installed throughout the buildings an automatic system of gongs, one device to protect the president and the other to conserve the strength of the janitors. But while I was waiting those ten years for the schedule to go off, the tradition of the place did not permit me to do a few chores outside the campus. As the sun darkened upon my career as a Virgilina professor little seemed to remain before me but a vast abyss brooded over by a pale and colorless light.

I was a strictly approved product of our graduate system of scholarship. I had bowed the knee. If I had not, Virgilina would not have recognized my genuineness. I had, too, been a typical professor, in my way. I had tried to cultivate the scientific temper in my students. I had trained myself to shun the heights and depths of feeling and to avoid all vulgar enthusiasms. My speech had been halting, punctuated with frequent hesitations, measured and formal to the point of frigidity—studied efforts to give the impression of profound thought. I had been loyal to scholarship. Though it should slay me, I had determined to trust it. But the budget had failed me now and things were different. I was not willing for my fidelity to scholarship, no matter how uncolored its virginity, to starve me.

I now determined to defy the tradition of Virgilina and shock the old place out of its complacency by doing any outside work I could get. I would write articles, give lectures, make addresses, abstract books and documents, read manuscripts and advise publishers on them, read proof—anything that was

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not downright dishonest and mean I would do in order to make some extra money. I would take the bushel off the candle and let the light shine. I would run, walk, climb, or crawl toward, on, up, or over any field of educational usefulness where the grazing seemed better than that on which I was now tethered. Day unto day I would utter speech and night unto night I would shower knowledge for money and for price. I would forage all over Parnassus.

Before I could begin to forage, however, something happened at Virgilina which made my plans to earn some extra money appear to clash less savagely with the tradition of the place than I had feared. It had been a very conservative university, with a way of life that revered the faith of the fathers. It did not go in much for innovations. The installations of an automatic salary schedule and a system of electric gongs were the only progressive educational measures that had been adopted at Virgilina in a whole generation. But educational institutions are like sheep in at least one respect. They have the herd instinct. What one does all of them sooner or later undertake to do in one way or another. There are bell-wethers on the educational ranch as well as on the sheep-ranch. So when Chicago and Wisconsin, back in the nineties, leaped over their campus walls and into wider and greener ranges beyond, they started a movement in which even sleepy old ewes like Virgilina soon found it wise to join or be counted a bunch of black woollies fit only for coyotes or the bog. There are about as many ways for colleges as for sheep to die—natural enemies, poison, diseases of the vital organs, or bloat.

It was some years later before Virgilina followed the lead of her younger and more adventuresome sisters. But finally she changed her mind. Under the slogan of "Service to the State" Virgilina would now undertake to minister to all the people of the commonwealth. Her campus was to be made coextensive with the borders of the State. In the needs and aspirations of men and women of whatever condition, and no matter where they toiled, whether in the heat or the shadows, in field or forest, in high society or hut, in the mill or the millinery-shop, with labor or capital, Virgilina now saw her opportunity and duty and set out to seize and do it. "Come to me when you need help," said she to the people of the State. To her professors she said: "Announce your offerings. Prepare to strut your stuff. Let your lights shine to them that walk in the dark byways." I was already quite willing to announce and partially prepared to strut. And since that good hour for the State and me I have been strutting, as school boards and teachers, Sunday schools and women's clubs, county fairs and tax commissions, chambers of commerce and merchants' associations, Y. M. C. A.s and Rotary clubs, farmers' unions and open forums, parents-teachers organizations and missionary circles have asked me over to help them. I have gone out to brighten their dark places and also to let a little sunshine into mine. Through extra-campus activities the way to peace with my creditors and perhaps also to home-ownership seemed clearer now than ever before.

Correspondence courses were the first fields in which I began to forage. For the preparation of a full course, with assignments, readings, and questions, I was to receive from Virgilina's fresh extension division twenty-five dollars, and half that sum for a half-course. I

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adopted the pedagogic and economic policy of making all courses full, because they have greater values for the instructor as well as the students. For each paper which I read I was to receive two bits. So, the more lessons offered the more papers I should have to read—if students enrolled for the courses. The fee received for the first course which I prepared was promptly used to pay the premium on an insurance policy whose days of grace were running low.

The course contained twenty-seven lessons and an examination. The first year it was put on the market it appealed to twelve students. Twelve times twenty-eight times twenty-five meant eighty-four dollars, which found its way at once to the grocer. I prepared another course, and then another, and then a fourth, all full, pressed down, and running over, and the doctor, the nurse, and the coal-man each received twenty-five dollars on overdue accounts. In two years I had more students *in absentia* than I had in residence. I was about to write to the State commissioner of revenue for an income-tax blank—on which to make returns on the returns from my correspondence courses—but for the moment I put service under self and subscribed to a little stock in a home-building association which was operated by the local bank. And yet through service to the State I fancied my opportunity to help swell its revenues and increase the appropriations to Virgilina and also to enter that road which led straight away to home-ownership. For service to the State performs in a benevolent circle. The more the service of the professor the larger are his earnings. The larger his earnings the more he pays his State in taxes. The more taxes he pays, the larger the appropriations to his university. The larger the appropriations the larger is or may be his salary. The larger his salary the less are his worries, and the greater is his energy for more and better service to the State. This is a direct and complete circuit of influence, if it is not shorted, at the points of increases in appropriations and salaries, by a president whose ignition system is out of repair. The chief trouble with the machinery of many a higher institution of learning may be located in weak presidential batteries, as any educational mechanic knows.

I now took on some extension classes, which were conducted at week-ends or in the evenings and after my conventional campus chores had been performed. These and all other such services to the State, from whose table I gathered up a few crumbs regularly on the first of each month, I was willing to perform only outside the hours which legally and technically belonged to Virgilina. I was poor but honest. To one of these classes I drove every Friday afternoon during the winter and spring considerably more than a hundred miles in a rickety automobile, which was also serving the State as a part of Virgilina's standard extension equipment. I lectured two hours that evening, three hours the following morning, and then journeyed back to the base of supplies late Saturday afternoon. The experience took some of the starch out of me and placed a heavy strain on my faith in service. But voices beckoned me twice each week and along every mile of the road between Virgilina and Sandport—voices of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, nervous and fearful that the statute of limitations would soon run against them. Parnassus was rough that year, but it yielded enough forage to satisfy some old accounts and to give my creditors a fighting chance. I kept

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the faith and finished the course and then took on another, to be given not so far away. For this I received only enough to pay the dentist. He had performed his service well, but he never could have been paid except for my service to the State.

In addition to my correspondence courses and extension classes, I gave lectures, addresses, or talks on popular subjects before clubs and societies—women's, luncheon, literary, missionary, and pedigreed-live-stock. In certain seasons also many calls came from schools, especially about breaking-up time, when the requirement was for addresses of a literary nature. In the general area served by Virgilina one was still expected on such occasions to declaim about ideals, to orate a few noble sentences, to quote some chaste lines from the poets, and to offer to the graduating classes a few gems in advice, *per-aspera-ad-astra*-like, the voice of the speaker being somewhat subdued—otherwise the effort was not applauded as appropriate for commencements. I did my best to meet these requirements.

For this clientele I had only one speech or address, but it bore three distinct titles, each one carefully designed to suit the needs and capacities of those who had agreed to hear and pay for it. No principle in the most fashionable pedagogy or economics could be sounder than this. For the service performed under the most nearly classic title I had fifty dollars—when I could get the sum—and of course my expenses also. For the same talk under a title less classic, a trifle abbreviated, and done slowly and sometimes with some of the illustrative material left out, I asked twenty-five and expenses, if the distance from Virgilina were not too great or the roads too bad. For substantially the same service, under the third title, somewhat modish but not really jazzy, although a bit more abridged than the second one, and with all mythological allusions omitted, I asked twelve-fifty in addition to expenses. But this one I rarely ever recommended except to women's clubs that were behind on the annual assessment to the national organization, to schools that had had unprecedentedly heavy fuel and boiler expenses the previous winter, and to luncheon clubs that had exceeded their budgets by putting out heavily on milk for undernourished children and on loving-cups for their perfect-attendance members. But if this speech were ordered I always made an effort to deliver it. I figured that half a fee was better than none. Moreover, I was eager to serve, profit or no profit, at fifty, twenty-five, or even twelve-fifty per lecture—or perhaps.

Frequently I write articles on one subject or another and now and then sell one. But in this as in other extra-campus activities I hold to the same ideal: I will popularize learning but never vulgarize it. I am not so hungry as that. To illustrate: shortly after Dayton was established as the Fundamentalist capital of Tennessee, the State of Virgilina also undertook thorough legislation to say that Virgilinians came from mud rather than monkey. The effort failed in each of two sessions of the lawmaking body, but there was much excitement. The press reports made feverish reading. From the accounts furnished by a news agency of high reliability I constructed a story of the State's taste for the sciences and sent it to a magazine of national circulation. The piece was accepted. It was also reprinted in the Sunday editions of a few of the larger dailies of the State where many of my fellow citizens probably read it

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and saw their provincialism in a new light. Thus was learning advanced. But a colleague of mine, who gives two hours to lectures in the morning, takes two hours of naps in the afternoon, plays a creditable game of bridge in the evening, and devotes the remainder of his free time to tobogganing on Parnassus, noised it about the neighborhood that I had probably taken money for this display of the State's dirty laundry. I had taken a little money for the piece. The magazine had accepted it without question and I accepted its check without the slightest twitch of conscience. The circumstance put me under an added debt of gratitude to Charles Darwin by putting me in a position to buy a much-needed suit of clothes. A few weeks ago I caught the same editor in another moment of weakness and now my wife has at least one frock to her name.

Every close student of education must be aware of the benefits which come to the public which receives and to the university which gives extension service. All classes of men, women, and children, no matter what their condition, may now enjoy the benefits of the arts and sciences which have long been cabin'd and cribb'd in the university campus. For them truth need no longer be cloistered or sealed up in a storehouse to which only a few are permitted keys and then under the vigilance of a patrol of professors. The demand of the underprivileged for universal education is now met more fully than formerly by the offer of opportunities and advantages which for centuries were enjoyed only by that small number who were privileged to scale ivied walls and dust through libraries and laboratories. Benefits likewise come to the institution when it goes afield and accepts the principle that organized and well-conducted extension is one of its worthy functions. It gives the university the goodwill of the public. It popularizes, advertises, enlivens, and vitalizes the university and increases its strength.

But I come not to applaud the benefits which extension brings to the public or to the university, but to testify to its value to the professor who helps to conduct it. Although what Virgilina set out to do through extension was somewhat difficult to define, what extension has done for me is very real. It has enabled me to make a living where no living was made before. I had been struggling with economic necessities ever since I took the gown. The president of an old and very eminent privately supported university gives it as his sober judgment that "the problem presented by academic salaries is, in many ways, the most urgent now confronting American education." He is learned and wise and quite properly acknowledged as an educational leader. But I could have told him that simple truth many years ago when the problem was probably almost as acute as it is now.

Some of my colleagues say that I have neglected my classroom duties and that I am also guilty of the cardinal academic sin of deserting scholarship. Here as elsewhere are some professors who believe that the university is the centre to which all knowledge should gravitate and in which it should be sheltered from any contacts with commonness and popularity. I cordially disagree with them on this, as I often do on many other matters. But I don't argue with them about it—not while one correspondence paper remains unread, for every time I read one I pay a week's instalment on a share of home-building stock.

As dull and deadly as my classroom

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work may have been to students and to me alike all those years when I never left the campus between registration period in September and commencement in June, it is, I believe, less dull and deadly now to them and to me. I now know more about my subject than ever before and much more about my students. I know the State better and have a better understanding of its needs. I know by their first names scores of the superintendents of schools in the State of Virgilina, numerous school-board members and other city, county, and State officers, including many members of the legislature. I know many of the editors of the State, and am trying to get acquainted with others and with the leaders of labor and also many influential industrial leaders. Since I have been engaged in these off-campus activities I have actually come to know the sheriff of the county in which Virgilina is located. The acquaintance was struck up quite respectably, and not through arrest for blockading, bootlegging, or any other disturbances of the peace and dignity of the commonwealth. These contacts have served to humanize me a bit, to give me fresh points of view, and to remove some of the academic snobbishness which sometimes develops so naturally in classic shades. I know that these improvements in me personally have helped to improve my teaching. Since I began to sell, for the coin of the realm, any talent which was left over after Virgilina got what it had bargained for, I have become a changed man.

Moreover, I have actually been more productive in what I call scholarship, although some of my colleagues do not call it by such a name. They probably think, and some of them probably say, in moments of impatience, that I am an educational dabbler. I have written more and better articles which people could read and understand. The evidence? I have been paid for them. Of course I occasionally do a "note" in my special field so as to keep on speaking terms with the craft. But my fear of the tart reviewer is less irrational than formerly. Scholarship now appears to me to have little if any kinship with the academic and stilted conventionality. It seems more than formerly to mean sound learning and the eagerness to use it to improve conditions about me. The test of its validity seems to me now to lie in its applicability to the needs of my fellows—whether within or without my campus—and of myself.

The slight revision upward in the salary schedule of Virgilina in the last few years scarcely takes care of the decreased purchasing power of the dollar and my increased expenses. Measured by the stipend now allowed for my rank and tenure, my condition is little if any better than it was when the failure of that budget forced me to go foraging. But since I became a real servant of the State I have managed to make both ends meet. Sometimes the effort is irksome; but without extension I could not maintain a professorship and a family in respectability. So long as the friendliness or tolerance of Virgilina's consistency continues I can have some part in the advancement of learning hereabouts. I can keep up with my current expenses —if I can keep them down. In recent months I have done fairly well. The perambulator is paid for. I have met fully the claims of the doctor. The second child is ours now, to have and to hold. I still owe a small sum on my graduate-school account, but if I drive a good bargain with the editor on this piece that obligation will shortly be met. My house is still charged, but I have

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kept up my home-building stock, and play that I am my own landlord and am paying myself rent. That's the way a publication of the economics department of Virgilina and the banker continue to explain the matter to me. But every time I stand before him at that little window in the village bank and meet, with forage from Parnassus, the monthly instalment and the interest on the mortgage, I recall a significant passage from Cicero's "On the Nature of the Gods": "It seems an unaccountable thing how one soothsayer can refrain from laughing when he sees another. It is yet a greater wonder that you can refrain from laughing among yourselves."

Black Truth

BY DAVID WILLIAM MOORE

Joe Tweed was listening to Hattie, as usual. Why would he scatter ashes all over the floor? Didn't he care anything about the house? Didn't he concern himself with how much work his wife had to do? Surely, a husband ought to take a little interest in the home. Most husbands tried to make things easy for their wives. Why, there were many husbands who wouldn't even smoke in the house, at all.

But Joe didn't answer back. Just sat with his face buried in the sport page. Now and then he'd sigh, and Hattie would take a new start. Somewhat like a sparrow chasing a crow, the way Hattie scolded Joe.

Joe was big, outlandishly big. And Hattie was little. Just a handful of fuss, was what old Doctor Rankin called her. Most folks expected Joe to get "riled" some day and turn her over his knee. And nobody would have cared. It would have made him a hero in the village. Folks knew how Hattie had been nagging Joe for nearly eighteen years. They said Joe was too easy-going.

But this evening—after Hattie had talked for perhaps an hour—Joe suddenly got up from his chair and walked over in front of his wife. This was so strange that Hattie stopped talking. Joe glared down at her, somewhat like a Newfoundland dog would glare at a mouse, and pointed a huge bony finger. A time or two he wiggled that finger, and Hattie cringed.

"Now you listen to me, Hattie Tweed! I been putting up with your jawin' for a long time, and I'm getting mighty tired of it. You been talking your head off without nothing to talk about. If you want to talk, then I'll give you something worth while to gab about. To-morrow morning I'm going to New York——"

Hattie's face brightened instantly. Her anger was gone. "I'll have to get a new dress, Joe."

The finger still pointed. "No, you don't get no new dress nor nothing, for you ain't going to New York. I'm going alone and I'm going to have a good time. I'm going on a spree, and I don't

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give a damn what you say or think. You can take it or lump it. I may get drunk and I may do a heap of things. And I'll come back when I get good and ready!"

With that he went off to bed and was soon snoring the snore of the righteously indignant, while Hattie fumed and fretted far into the night—also righteously indignant, righteously furious, and righteously everything else that an outraged wife should be. "Why, I can't understand it. I can't understand it," she moaned to herself. "I never gave him a single reason to find fault with me. I've been a good, true wife."

Breakfast was a sullen meal. Joe had nothing to add. Hattie couldn't get her tongue started. But she was seething, and she set down his coffee cup with a gesture that made Joe twitch. When the meal was finished, Joe packed his suitcase and went off toward the railway station without a word. Not even a good-by.

He reached New York late in the afternoon. He wasn't accustomed to travelling, and he was tired. His eyes ached from looking so much out of the car window. Now, as he stepped out of the big station he was confused. A million taxicabs beckoned him; a million porters tried to grab his suitcase; a million strangers surged about him; a million lights dazzled his eyes.

He gritted his teeth, shrugged his shoulders, and started out on foot. He didn't know the names of any hotels, except the expensive ones. He'd find a nice quiet clean place that didn't cost too much. "And when I get settled down, I'm sure going to raise old Ned," he smiled ruefully to himself as he plodded along.

It was almost an hour later when he finally came upon the kind of hotel he had in mind. He went right up to his room. He'd change his collar, maybe, and comb back his hair. Then he'd start out. He sat down on the edge of the bed, and sighed heavily as the relaxation eased up on his many aches. He ached all over! His arms ached; his back ached; his feet ached; his head ached—and his eyes ached so he could hardly see.

"I'll just loaf around here a little while and get my energy back, then I'll start out," he concluded, as he straightened himself out lengthwise on the bed. And as he lay there, he thought of all the things he was going to do. Find a gay café somewhere, maybe a night club, pick up a cute little companion, and then just naturally cut loose. He fell asleep over his plans.

And when he awoke it was morning! He looked around the room in wonder, then realized where he was. He chuckled. "Well, I sure wasted one evening, all right. Gosh, but I'm hungry! Some of Hattie's sausage would be—but no, darn her! I ain't going to even think of her!"

He found a little restaurant around the corner, where he ate heartily, and felt much better. But it was broad daylight, and a man couldn't go spreeing at this time of the day. He went back to the hotel, and lay on the bed reading the morning paper. Lunch was at the same little restaurant. The hours dragged; he had a long inactive afternoon ahead of him yet. What to do? He thought of going out to see the Giants play. But no, he didn't want to get all worn out again. He'd just rest some more, keep himself in shape. He was in the restaurant again at six o'clock. He had changed his mind about eating his regular meals in a night club. For one thing, he didn't know where to find one, and he was afraid to ask. No telling

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what kind of a gag these city slickers might frame up on him. He'd just have his meal, and then he'd start out and walk till he met a good-looking girl who showed interest in him. She'd know where there was a dance hall, or a café.

That evening, Joe Tweed walked all the way from Thirty-second Street down to Battery Park and back, and not one girl looked at him! Yes, there were plenty of girls on the street, but their minds seemed to be occupied with thoughts far distant from Joe Tweed and his spree. He looked at them, watching alertly for a twinkling eye. No eyes twinkled.

At nine o'clock he was back in his hotel room, crawling into bed completely disgusted. "There's more chance to have a spree in Dry Bottom than there is in this fool city!"

The next afternoon at four o'clock he reached home—and Hattie. He lumbered into the door, smiling sheepishly at her. He dropped his now-too-heavy suitcase with a cheerful sigh. Joe Tweed was glad to be home. "Well, how's tricks, Hattie, old girl?"

She replied with a withering look of scorn, biting her lip.

"Ain't you glad to see me?"

"You tell me what you did, Joseph Tweed! This instant!"

Joe grinned frankly. "I didn't do a thing."

"Hmph!" Hattie sat primly in her chair, tapping a menacing toe on the carpet. "Fine tale. Tell me what you did, tell me the truth, or I'll—I'll——"

"Honest, Hattie, I didn't do a thing."

Perhaps it was because he was glad to get home; perhaps it was because he had acquired a bit of assurance from having been on a trip. But, whatever the reason, Joe Tweed spoke those words too easily. They didn't have the ring of truth in them.

"I never heard a bigger lie in my life," rasped Hattie. "I declare I never did!"

But Joe had nothing more to say, therefore he said nothing more. He picked up his suitcase and took it upstairs to unpack. Hattie looked after him with helpless tears in her eyes.

But when Joe came down again, Hattie had a fine supper ready. Custard pie, and fried steak, and black-raspberry jelly, and things like that. She had brightened, too, and didn't say anything more about his trip. But Joe would now and then catch her looking at him curiously, as if she was trying to read his thoughts.

They say she hasn't nagged him since—but every week or so she looks straight into his eyes and says: "Joe Tweed, if you don't tell me what you did in New York I'll never forgive you."

But Joe merely grins.

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My Town

BY DeLANCE LENHART

When I came to this town forty years ago there were six hundred people here. I was a boy ten years old, and the town and I grew up together. To-day there are six thousand inhabitants and I am fifty. From a kid in knee-breeches I have stuck so close to the old town that I have never been more than two hundred miles from home or away from it more than two days at a time.

It is not that I thought the town would fall apart or some one would run away with the spoke-mill, but at that age I had a feeling of great importance. Some one just had to climb Joe Whisler's trees and throw the plums out in the alley to the fellows; some one just had to go up in the schoolhouse belfry and fix the rope so that the gang could hide across the street and ring the bell all night on Hallowe'en. And, since I was the best at shinnying up a pole, of course I tied down the woollen-mill whistle.

I am writing this not because I made such a wonderful success of anything, but because I want to show how a person can spend his life happily in one small town, where every one knows him, and where he knows how much every one makes and what they owe. The town has a personality to me. It is not just a collection of houses and streets, stores and factories. It's a living thing with a character like a human being. I notice all its changes just as I would in one of my family.

While others are spending their lives trying to earn the monthly instalments on their new sedans, I can drive the old Ford. I have no interest to pay every six months on mortgages, so that I can live on Chartier Avenue and belong to the West Shore Country Club. But in my case it makes no difference. Everybody knows who I am and what I am. I can hobnob with the Lovingtons at "Green Gables" or drop in to see Tony Cazenzi at his "shoe-fix" shop. I didn't have to join the Methodist church to get in the social swim.

The fire company has elected me a life member with no dues to pay, a thing they have done in only one other case. I served two terms in town council, was president of that body, and for nearly twenty years have been justice of the peace. Many have told me I threw away good opportunities by staying here; some even pitied me for being such a goose. Just last week I was called "seventeen cock-eyed fools" and "a bootlegger," but I know the fellow who said it. I would feel neglected if something were not said about me.

The Silver Cornet Band would have been without a drum-major had I gone to the city as did the older ones in the family. From the time I was eleven years old until I was sixteen I was right out there at the head of the line, all dressed up in a Zouave uniform, swinging a baton and musket with a bayonet.

Thirty-five years ago I was captain of the first town football team. During the

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four years I played quarter-back I got a broken nose, an injured hip, and a cut in my lip where a tooth went through. I decided to be a referee. There was no referee in the town, and we had to depend on an outsider to officiate. Often games were lost on account of a decision which was so unpopular that the game broke up in a fight. After I became referee there were fewer fights and more games won. When there was any doubt it was always: "First down. Paddletown's ball." My daughter was three years old and I took her to the games. When some one asked the score she once said: "16 to 0 in favor of my dad."

II

An older brother, who acted as head of the family after the death of my father, wanted me to study law. But I would have had to give up the town; it was too small and peaceful to support an attorney. Before I was of age I had buried my mother, learned a trade, was married, in business, and buying my home. Up to that time the town was just like one big family, with the village doctor, the preacher, and the squire deciding everything. There it stood on the bank of the Susquehanna—a sawmill town with two churches and a little schoolhouse for three-quarters of a century. It didn't matter which street you lived on then. A man was not measured by his money or his score in golf, but by how much work he could do. We had no cop then to object to "good music," and the town could appreciate the old quartet when it sang "Sweet Adeline" on the street corners.

Thirty-five years ago a group of men bought the Reno farm west of town, and New York real-estate men secured forty acres of the Willet tract on the north. Both farms were laid out in building-lots. The street-cars ran out from the capital city and the electric lights came, then the water and gas companies put down their mains. With this all going on at one time, it looked as if they were going to tear the insides out of the old place, but they only stirred it up.

The old-timers who met daily at Drayer's shoemaker-shop and Kaufman's store had run the place since its incorporation as a borough. They still pointed out with pride the only big event in its history, when General John W. Geary made an address in front of his home on Market Square just before he was elected governor of Pennsylvania. They all said everybody would lose his money and the town would go to the dogs. Old John Lee said that in the thirty years he was ticket agent he had not sold more than seven tickets a day, and the town didn't need a street-car. Wash Keister wanted to know who of the assemblage on the store boxes would give up his good wells and cisterns for stale hydrant water. And the electric lights would ruin one's eyes. Jake Garver had a son-in-law who worked in Baltimore where they had them, and he had to get glasses before he was thirty.

It was hard for those Civil War veterans, who helped save the Union from destruction and had the responsibility of the town on their shoulders for all these years, to turn it over to young upstarts. For forty years they had held sway and had told and retold their war stories. Now no one had time to listen to them. But I knew them all—from Jake Witmer's telling General Meade how to hold Little Round Top to Old John Jackson Hull's jumping over the cannon-ball as it passed between his legs on its way up Lookout Mountain.

Sergeant B. F. Eisenberger Post, G.

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A. R., was losing ground. A board of trade, the fire company, and the athletic association had been organized. The $2,000 town taxes had been enough to pay Jake Sweitzer for lighting the oil street-lights and other expenses. Now they wanted to borrow money for new sewers. "Fiddlesticks," said Wilson Prowell, and that was his worst cuss-word.

The town's only claim to fame, the home of Governor Geary, didn't seem a big help in developing it. It was the coming of the improvements and the inducements offered which gave a new lease of life. The corporations knew their stuff in handing out passes and special rates to the borough officials—they got their franchises at their own terms. The young set of men had taken things into their hands. And it was during this time that I became of age and went along with them.

The fire company's equipment of a two-wheel reel, several pair of boots, and a couple of hundred feet of hose was a little more satisfactory than the old bucket brigade had been. But Tug Wilson, who was chief, wanted a regular fire-house with a bell on it and a hose-wagon with a snorting, prancing horse. The young politicians managed to elect to council men who were in favor of this movement and who would appropriate money for it.

This was the first civic movement in which I as a man was interested. Boyish pranks, band parades, and football were fun, but I had grown up along with the town. I was elected to the council when I was twenty-two years old. I was chosen president the next year and served two terms. Up to that time the presidents had been long-whiskered old stagers, so when George Atticks, a former county commissioner, denounced me in a hot argument as being too young to be at the head of a town I was just beginning to get things said about me.

III

A borough official in a growing town earns all the glory connected with the office. I decided I had enough, until my old school-teacher, who had whipped me seven times, announced that he would be a candidate for justice of the peace. My father was a squire when I was born, and my older brother was an alderman when he died. I needed no more excuse for running for the office. I was elected the first time when I was thirty. My age was again against me. It had been the custom to put in that office retired old fellows who had time to weigh all the legal problems thoroughly.

My experience as justice of the peace for nearly twenty years has been humorous and pathetic. I have taken the office not too seriously, as I have not enforced the law in a cast-iron groove. I believe more flies can be caught with sugar than with anything else. That's why I have sentenced some boys to Sunday-school instead of to jail for their offenses as provided in the law. Dan Rentzel once ran over Reverend Will Young's child. "I'll just lay my religion aside for ten minutes and knock hell out of that young man," said the angry preacher. He did this in such a way that Dan never ran over any one else. When a lot of boys of high-school age who have "thrown a wild party" are brought before me and argue that prohibition is all wet I feel like following the example of the fighting parson.

I have had members of the State legislature, Catholic priests, Protestant ministers, and "Jesus" before me. One priest was the owner of an automobile that had

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been used in transporting liquor. The father proved an alibi, but his brother served a time in jail. This man of God told me that we must be merciful to the erring ones, and remarked that the justices had to live; to which I answered: "Yes, father, if every one were good and righteous you would be looking for another job too."

Jimmy Black is so religious that every one calls him "Jesus." He and his wife lived together for forty-odd years and reared six children. Then they began to quarrel over religion and financial matters. "Jesus" said the Lord would provide, and stopped working. He claimed it was an outrage and would not enter bail, for the principle of the thing. We had to put "Jesus" in the lockup. At the trial four of the children stuck to their mother, one to "Jesus," and one remained neutral.

IV

My experience as a country squire would make another story. The above incidents bring me up to the present in a town with two banks, several drug-stores, seven churches, a newspaper, a movie theatre, and an airport, where the majority of the people work in the city and commute in high-priced cars. Also the Ladies' Auxiliary had to have a $15,000 annex to the fire-house, where they could hold bridge parties and dances. And the Segraves up in the manor talk to the Rineharts on Chartier Avenue about their brokers and their bankers. (They never try that line on me.) Don't I know this old town as a doctor knows his patients? I know the minute its temperature goes above normal. Haven't I seen the old-time lovers take their evening walk to watch the 7.30 train come in, and now don't I notice the cars parked in some private driveway?

I have watched its changes from the old swimming-hole where nothing was known about bathing-suits to the present bathing-beach, from the old board walks that floated away in the flood of 1889 to the new cement pavements, from the free Indian medicine shows on the square to the seniors' annual play in the new $200,000 high-school auditorium, from the old commons where we played ball to the park where there are athletic fields and playgrounds.

There are only three of the old comrades in blue still living. Only here and there some person and some thing remains as it was. General Guistwhite is still with the band. He is now gray and eighty, and he has never missed a parade. Some say that he has blown three horns to pieces in his fifty-odd years in the band.

I have stuck to the old town through thick and thin. Didn't I come to this town when it was a little village on the bank of the Susquehanna River and I was a boy carrying a basket of geraniums? Now it is one of the up-to-date places on the Susquehanna Trail. And I shall stay here until they take me and the flowers out to Mount Olivet.

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And the Poor Have (Not) the Gospel

BY JOHN THOMAS STEWART

A clear call by a courageous minister to his colleagues to cease to be the "lowest-paid constabulary of a paganized generation" and to become its sharpest-shooting critics. He would have ministers set forth in plain terms New Testament teaching concerning wealth and sexual relations

For a long time now we have been witnessing the decline of clerical influence—for three generations, the doctors say. In the United States less than half the population worship in all the churches, men have stopped worrying about their sins, even church-members don't read their Bibles, while a majority don't care enough about what the preachers may be saying to go and listen. My brethren in the clergy are not as happy as they might be, and, being but human, they are hurt more deeply by appearing to fail before men their equals than before God their unquestioned superior. Blame for this decline or failure is almost universally laid to the charge of the churches and their paid clergy, the laymen being held as innocent bystanders. This is not only unfair, one-sided, it is also just a little ridiculous. There is one good and sufficient reason for including the laymen in any diagnosis of a religious relapse: they *are* the churches.

The layman is clear as to what he wants and he is getting it—success. His pastor likewise longs to be successful, but is unhappy in failure. Neither is comforting the other. My advice to them both is that they cease troubling each other, since nothing but harm can come from a course of moral checkmating persisted in. The liberal clergyman is carrying around altogether too much moral commotion in his bosom; to use a homely illustration, he is in much the predicament of an old hen fostering a brood of ducklings headed for the pond. He could gain relief in a moment by simply turning to that vast element in the population which is poor enough to confess failure without having to suffer a sense of inferiority. These poor will hear him gladly, or, if not gladly, at least without compelling him to make concessions beyond all hope of consistency. Not even the most successful layman admires a trimmer; for himself he prefers sticking to a game in which he can plunge and buck without apology. And there is a lesson here for the pastor who has grown melancholy watching a game whose rules he has been unable to change; maybe the game could not be played under other rules; if so, why not turn his hand to the casualties?

It is in the direction of a prosperous laity that we shall find the secret of clerical ineffectiveness. Successful people are not now and never were fair game for a spiritual, other-worldly teaching, such as the Christian gospel. In a word, what has happened to the Christian gospel to make it impotent as a control over the behavior of moderns is that what was meant for one sort of

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laity has been reserved for another. The result is not only misunderstanding but a tragic loss of opportunity.

I

I am not defending a lean clergy nor denouncing a fat laity. But I think it can be shown that a gospel for the lean presented to the thriving will have no more effect than a gospel of meekness and hope preached by a sleek clergy to a poor downtrodden laity. There are two things we can't do. We cannot reduce the American laity to rags without ruining their churches, nor can we maintain the clergy at present lay level without their losing spiritual and moral prestige. Nobody has yet devised a perfect scheme for drawing the layman's support without his opinions, but it is evident something approaching this must be done if clerical prestige is to be restored.

By a frank abandonment of those in the upper brackets we would accomplish two desirable ends at once: we would restore our own self-respect by casting off compromises with prevailing standards, and we would gain an audience of the only people willing to listen. And no evil would be worked in any direction. For it surely would make no difference in the conduct of the worldly if we stopped excusing it, while returning to the have-nots with a gospel intended for their benefit the tonic of sincerity would work wonders in a single generation. No religious tradition gains in the long run by surreptitious alteration; the effect upon the prosperous who force the change is no worse than upon the custodians who are seduced. It was not faith in our power to change strong men's habits and beliefs that led us astray but our unwillingness to stem the tide. We were not really fooling ourselves by pretending to improve society from the top, but finding ourselves with those at the top, we continued rattling around because that was the easiest thing to do. The present laxity in American religious life is the natural offspring of that illegitimate union of a gospel for the meek with congregations of the pushful. What is needed in this household is not a cleverer course in domestic relations but a divorce. The blind leaders among us rewrote the New Testament to make it a handbook for success, but the success which followed to strong men was precisely what they would have won anyway, while the ordained clergy are left as men without a country. And the spiritual state of the poor is lower in each *succeeding* generation. If abandoned churches be the price of social standing, Lord God! we ha' paid in full.

II

I know it is presumptuous for a clergyman to undertake to tell American laymen what the New Testament teaches, but there are three major fields of human interest on which their own spokesmen are giving out much misinformation; their optimism thereon is comforting but bogus. Oddly enough those three interests of life are precisely those in which the successful pagan is having his way: it is as though this fictitious Christian teaching was meant for spreading cheer instead of holiness. I refer to the making of money, the companionship and charms of women, and nationalism. These concerns are common to all men, they have both individual and social bearing, and each

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carries heavy moral burdens. If Christianity is to be accepted by the successful, they must abide by its instruction in these affairs: money, women, and war. Let us see.

The New Testament devotes much attention to the first two items, nearly none to the third, and that little inconsistent. On the making of money the Christian teaching is as far removed from the standpoint of the American business man as heaven from hell. Money according to the gospels is an evil, and striving for any amount of it beyond what is absolutely required for bodily needs is a sin. Try that on a Sunday-morning congregation in these parts and days. But this plain teaching has been so energetically misrepresented and ludicrously revised that another generation of American laymen may not even know that it was once soberly put forth, unless they hear it as a backfire from mission lands. However, as long as any number of laymen are aware that such a teaching is contained in the book from which their pastors read, we are doing their moral sense foul violence by congratulating them upon adhering to a doctrine which they believe is nonsense and folly; what they may think of our understanding I shudder to imagine. As Professor George Foot Moore, of Harvard, used to tell his seminary classes, such modernists are "anxious to save Jesus' reputation for common sense."

The clergy were not to blame for the sins of unbalanced persons to whom swollen incomes offered new and colorful fields of indulgences, but they were to blame for making a gospel that exalts poverty and simplicity read like an especial blessing upon the heads of the rich and a howling encouragement after all others racing madly in that direction. It is this evil smirk in our delicate handling of the rich brother's money which vitiates even our praise for that crown of all virtues, charity. As long as we call Christian the pagan means for acquiring a surplus to give away, that praise must speak from weakness and not from strength. Our sympathy for the failures holds too loud an exhortation to that class to emulate the triumphant. And, anyway, the American churches set no example in charity; they don't give away as much as the Scriptural tithe to the poor.

On the point of the relations between the sexes we seem to be coming near that extremity of civilization where women are treated the better that they may be enjoyed the more. And this in the face of the liberal clergy's crusade for "respect for personality as the foundation of Christian ethics!" It is a strange perversion of values which honors human rights in the means but denies them in the ends of life.

The New Testament is fierce in its demands for sexual purity. This would not have happened if its soil had been favorable to the new faith. The ideal here is absolute chastity for the unmarried, men and women alike of course, absolute fidelity to the marriage bond, the permanency of that bond unless one is willing to bear the moral stigma, and remarriage for the Christian in any case forbidden, and the birth of children as its badge of honor and reason for being. The amount of secular discussion regarding love and marriage is not to be taken as indicating lack of information as to what the Scriptures teach. The intense emotional strain revealed in the New Testament books on this point is nothing but an expression of the writ-

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ers' fierce jealousy for a way of life which they understood very well was not popular and could not be made so, but was certain to be flouted by the worldly minded as often to their harm as in their pride. The moral temperature of the books is explained by the same sense of failure burning hotly in a submerged population. The first Christians paid as dearly for their moral code as for their foolish faith in a speedy deliverance; it is folly to hope that the mildest disciple of self-expression shall ever come within sea-miles of that point of view.

Nationalism is a shield bearing on the back side patriotism and on the front war. It is always carried forward. There is not such clear teaching on this point. One of my teachers at Harvard said that Jesus was a pacifist and was mistaken, another said that he was not a pacifist and was mistaken. On the broad question of the disciple's relation to his government the New Testament may be abstruse or even inconsistent. But the broad question is an issue nowhere except as a topic for academic debates; it has not appeared in politics since the beginning of the industrial revolution. War, on the other hand, is never academic. The ramifications of international trade, coupled with the responsibility of business for competent, that is, unobstructive, administrations —which is usually stated backward— have made it exceedingly unlikely that any white Christian shall ever be compelled in conscience to choose between pacifism and patriotism. So far as the clergy can tell him about his point of conscience, he may go to war and be mistaken, or go to jail and be mistaken. But can there be any doubt as to what Jesus would say about going to war for financial reasons? And would it make any difference what amount of oil, rubber, or mahogany was involved?

III

Such is the gospel which we have failed to enforce upon the well-to-do and the expectant rich: cheerful acceptance of poverty over a worried existence, uncompromising chastity and fidelity, and unwillingness to seek or accept the smallest gain at the expense of another national. What groups in the population of a modern country believe in these things, accept them unquestioningly as God's truth, and though often driven to desperately contrary positions by their lords and masters continue to pursue harmless lives, live at peace, and take no custom or tribute either from children or strangers? And, on the other hand, what groups in the same nations owe their very position to a persistent, often brutal, denial of these rudiments of the Christian faith? Is there anybody who does not know where these ideals would have free course? or, by the same token, where they have had harnessed course?

It may indeed be true, as our shrewdest oriental critics are saying, that the Christian faith cannot be practised in a civilized land and life be kept endurable. But assuming our religious life is to remain officially Christian, there can be no doubt as to where its moral purchase lies, *i.e.*, in uncompromising fidelity to "an unsurpassable ideal"; and if it is the lapse of moral controls we are lamenting, the explanation is at hand: we have thrown away the fulcrum and kept only the lever. If a secondary explanation were sought, it would be found in denominational rivalry, for the harassed clergy can tell you it takes money to run a competitive Christian factory. The

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ministers are not free, they are the bound servants of their denominations —with more sympathy, I believe, for the layman than he either appreciates or returns—and the individual is ruined who cannot first among his duties raise the budget. If he appears forever on the lookout for substantial families, it is not necessarily because he has unholy respect for persons, but because he realizes there is only one way to live by the gospel, and that is to make it pay.

But it will take more than that discretion which calamity pounds into the stubbornest heads to restore clerical prestige in the United States. If worldly cunning could save us, we would have owned this country, body, mind, and spirit, generations back. What is required is a new breed of churchmen, or, rather, the original Christian breed restored to the councils of reversed honor in which the first are last and the last first. If our gospel for the lowly has failed to impress the mighty, let us forget success for a while and try the spiritual adventure of self-imposed failure. This change in tactics would at least open the New Testament to modern gaze, whatever it did to the popular perversions.

Not only so, but the reverse movement—this setting forth in plainest terms the New Testament standpoint on the major concerns of human life—would deliver the churches from their present inept defensive position in which they have to establish, first, that they have a moral ideal; second, that it does not conflict with the standards of all civilized men; and, third, that it is worth trying whether believed in or not. Their clergy would no longer be the lowest-paid constabulary of a paganized generation but its sharpest-shooting critics. (In all that the urbane but melancholy Bishop Fiske has written about the woes of church and clergy one notices his complete and, of course, gentlemanly understanding of the point of view of those who seem to mock his ideals. Such understanding is almost disarming—but it will ultimately disarm clergy, including bishops, and not the worldlings; the clergy should never have submitted their vessels of grace to social entrée.) The American Protestant clergy would be happier warriors to-day if our captains had in the past better distinguished friend from foe.

IV

In Romain Rolland's epic novel "Jean-Christophe" there is an eloquent description of this wide contrast between the high and the humble, the clamorous and the patient, in all spiritual matters which, while written of Continental Europe before the war, yet fits more accurately the American scene to-day than when first published here in 1911. The German musical genius Jean-Christophe is lambasting the French élite—miserable slaves the lot of them. His French friend Olivier rebukes him:

"You haven't seen a single Frenchman. . . .

"You have not seen a single great believer, or a single great sceptic. As for the people, we won't talk of them. Outside the poor woman who looked after you, what do you know of them? Where have you had a chance of seeing them? How many Parisians have you met who have lived higher than the second or third floor? If you do not know these people, you do not know France. You know nothing of the brave true hearts, the men and women living in poor lodgings, in the garrets of Paris, in the dumb provinces, men and wo-

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men who, through a dull, drab life, think grave thoughts, and live in daily sacrifice—the little church, which has always existed in France—small in numbers, great in spirit, almost unknown, having no outward or apparent force of action, though it is the very force of France; that might which endures in silence, while the so-called élite rots away and springs to life again unceasingly. . . . You are amazed when you find a Frenchman who lives not for the sake of happiness, happiness at all costs, but to accomplish or to serve his faith? There are thousands of men like myself, men more worthy than myself, more pious, more humble, men who to their dying day live unfailingly to serve an ideal, a God, who vouchsafes them no reply. . . .

"I will make you feel that bed-rock under the mud."

Early

By Leonora Speyer

This gray hour robs the hills of green,
But not of strength and not of height,
And not of sky the clouds between.

Into the dawn a cuckoo calls
(Sly bird among the dripping trees),
At vague, impassive intervals.

The swifts fly lower than the boughs,
With little, creaking, busy cries;
A sound of water ripples, flows,

Beyond the garden and the gate,
And down the road and through the town
(Small mountain-stream in shallow spate)—

And day is here. Its quiet plan,
Inevitable, is not disclosed,
Is not discussed with any man.

Only to those who lie awake
It yields blunt promises of rain,
Which it may break, which it may break.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

A book that deserves and will reward the thoughtful attention of both British and American readers is "The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III," by L. B. Namier. These two volumes are the preliminary studies on the whole question of the relation between England and America at the time of the Revolution; and I must say that if the work continues in the admirable temper shown already, we are going to have a highly important and authoritative treatise in political history. It is a genuine piece of first-hand historical research, written in a natural, human, unaffected manner. There is plenty of humor and plenty of wit and plenty of shrewd observation on human nature.

I understand that the author is in early middle age, combining the vigor of youth with the maturity of ripe scholarship; he was born in Poland, but has lived so long in England and at Oxford that his style exhales no exotic flavor. He has had practical experience of business in both America and Great Britain, as the opening lines of his preface show:

> In 1912 I started work on "The Imperial Problem during the American Revolution"; a year later I had to enter business, but as this carried me across to America, where public libraries are open at night and on Sundays, I was not debarred from continuing my studies.

In the early summer of 1914 he returned to England for a holiday, fully intending to go on with his historical researches in the autumn. For six years, however, he was forced to make history instead of writing it; being engaged in active war service and in the Foreign Office from 1914 to 1920. Then he returned to his old college, Balliol, as lecturer and tutor, and shrewdly remarks, "But excellent as our tutorial system is for the pupils, it leaves no leisure to the teachers, and I had to go once more into business."

In these two volumes Mr. Namier discusses parliamentary elections, the House of Commons, the motives that impelled men to enter the House, the electoral structure of England, the use of money, and many other interesting questions; particularly interesting to Americans.

The modern system of party government in the House of Commons and the motives that lead men to enter it are not altogether similar to the conditions that prevailed in the mid-eighteenth century. Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son that he would be in the House as soon as he became of age and that it was necessary to "make a figure there if you would make a figure in your country."

The difference between a political career in England and in the United States is shown by Mr. Namier's remark:

> So many candidates and only some six hundred seats for them to fill—and yet not many men with an enduring will to get there fail to enter the House, in which a miracle of seats seems to be performed for every generation. In the eighteenth century it did not perhaps require much of a miracle. . . . Men went there to "make a figure," and no more dreamt of a seat in the House to benefit humanity than a child dreams of a birthday cake that others may eat it.

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This work is equipped with appendices and an excellent analytical index. I hope I have given a sufficient taste of its style and scope to persuade many Americans to buy and read it, and to share my hunger for the volumes that are to come.

In connection with the recent publication of all John Galsworthy's plays in one volume, and with the new and convenient edition of his novels, many readers will be interested in a book of over 300 pages by Leon Schalit, called "John Galsworthy. A Survey." It contains a biographical essay, separate chapters on the novels in general and the plays in general; and each story and each play is the subject of separate treatment. The style lacks distinction, but the work as a whole is interesting, and is also valuable as a reference book, with its list of facts and dates.

A brief but wholly admirable work is "English Comic Drama," by F. W. Bateson, being a historical sketch of the English theatre and drama from 1700 to 1750, with a bibliography. It may be summarized in a sentence—it is a brilliant, sprightly description and interpretation of a desperately dull literature.

Since August, 1914, I have been filled with curiosity as to Lord Morley's definite reasons for resigning from the British cabinet at the outbreak of the war; I had supposed that my curiosity would never be satisfied, for, although I knew he had written out his reasons, I had heard and read that he would not permit their publication. But now appears a thin volume by John Viscount Morley, called "Memorandum on Resignation," every page of which I read with avidity. He reports with candor the excitement of those days, his conversations with Grey, Asquith, Churchill, Lloyd George, and John Burns, his conscientious struggles, and his final determination, which he never regretted. The printed correspondence is immensely interesting; and there is revealed in the man himself something so dignified and noble as to raise one's respect for human nature. It is like seeing a tremendously exciting one-act war play in the theatre.

In addition to the conversations, the councils, and the dialogues fraught with such grave consequences for the living and the unborn, the purely reflective passages in this little book must be read and reread with due attention.

> Grey's fine character had achieved an influence in Europe that was the noblest asset for the fame of England and the glory of peace. In a few hours it would be gone. I could not but be penetrated by the precipitancy of it all. What grounds for expecting that the ruinous waste and havoc of war would be repaid by peace on better terms than were already within reach of reason and persistent patience. When we counted our gains, what would they amount to, when reckoned against the ferocious hatred that would burn with inextinguishable fire, for a whole generation at least, between two great communities better fitted to understand one another than any other pair in Europe? This moral devastation is a worse incident of war even than human carnage, and all the other curses with which war lashes its victims and its dupes. With a fleet of overwhelming power, a disinterestedness beyond suspicion, a Foreign Minister of proved ability, truthfulness and self-control, when the smoke of battle-fields had cleared from the European sky, England might have exerted an influence not to be acquired by a hundred of her little Expeditionary Forces. Grey, after too long delay, had wisely and manfully posed the issue of the hour for his colleagues, when he declared that we must now decide between intervention and neutrality, and that for neutrality he was not the man. Nor am I the man, said I to myself, to sit in the Council of War into which Campbell Bannerman's Cabinet is to be transformed.

I am neither a statesman nor an authority on political history; but the difficulty appears to be that Grey knew that

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England really was committed to the actual support of the French-Russian combination in the event of war, whether scraps of paper said so or not and whether Belgium was or was not invaded. What England could have accomplished after the complete defeat of both France and Russia by Germany, if she had stayed out of the war, we do not know. As to the "ferocious hatred" that would burn between England and Germany for a generation, it is certainly true that at the beginning of August, 1914, these two countries hated each other with virulence. The German "Song of Hate" expressly declared that Germany had no hatred for either France or Russia, but that she hated England with all her might; yet immediately after the war, Germany ceased to hate England but hated and still hates France with fury.

All we can say with confidence is that if the German cabinet had been composed of men like Lord Morley, and if in turn Lord Morley could have commanded a majority in the British cabinet, war could have then and at all other times been prevented.

For one I am very grateful to Lord Morley's nephew, Guy Morley, for publishing this "Memorandum," and to F. W. Hirst, who wrote the "Early Life" of Morley, for preparing an admirable explanatory introduction to it.

As for the much-touted novel, "All Quiet on the Western Front" (Im Westen Nichts Neues), I see no more reason to get excited over this than over "Sergeant Grischa," by What's-his-Name. It is just one more war novel, written in the contemporary manner, which is no doubt the best manner, that is, the anti-sentimental manner. It reveals what every man with a spark of imagination already knows, that war, instead of being glorious and ennobling, is like a journey through the sewers. It is like examining one more war-diary, where innocent and attractive school-boys are subjected to scenes that neither boys nor men should ever be forced to see. It may be that the steady accumulation of these novels, representing war in its "true light" which is *darkness visible,* will accomplish some good, but I cannot hail each succeeding volume as an immortal masterpiece. Instead of being called "Nichts Neues im Westen" it should be called simply "Nichts Neues," for it told me nothing I did not already know.

A more original and far better written war novel is "Vivandière," by Phœbe Fenwick Caye, an Englishwoman hitherto unknown to fame. This is a fairly brief story of the insane invasion of Russia by the God-intoxicated Napoleon, of the scenes in Moscow preceding and during the fire, and of the hideous tragedy of the retreat—comparable in its heart-rending incidents to the Athenian expedition to Syracuse. The Vivandière herself is an attractive and loyal-hearted girl, but the chief interest is in the events of the narrative, and in the author's comments thereupon. She has of course studied to advantage Tolstoi's "War and Peace," but her style has not been infected by the genius of the great Russian. It is her own style and it is very, very good.

It will be interesting to the reader to compare the facts of the Russian campaign with Napoleon's own comments thereupon. I cannot too highly recommend "Memoirs of Napoleon I," by F. M. Kircheisen, translated from the German by F. Collins. This is the best way to study biography by those who prefer the truth to the sensational manipulation of it. Doctor Kircheisen puts in not one single word—not even an exclama-

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tion point—till the "Editor's Postcript."

Here Napoleon tells the story of his life from his infancy in Corsica till his last days in St. Helena. The drama of his biography concerns itself much with islands as do the dramas of Sir James Barrie; the difference being that Barrie loves islands and Napoleon did not. The enormous, compelling interest of this volume lies of course in the personality of the man who wrote it; for objective fact it is naturally not so trustworthy as for self-revelation. He believed in no religion, he advocated companionate marriage, he suffered terribly from defeat but never from remorse, he regarded friends, family, and women without any affection (barring his early infatuation for Josephine)—in short, he was a superman. He had enough energy for a hundred men. How difficult it is even now to escape from the glamour of his name! Although I know he was one of the most cold-hearted scoundrels that ever lived, and that all Europe had to choose between peace and him, that no country, no people, and no community were safe while he was at large—although I am aware of all this, if he should appear on earth now, and say "It is the Emperor!" I might leave all and follow him.

BROWNING DESCRIBED HIM

You are endowed with faculties which bear
Annexed to them as 'twere a dispensation
To summon meaner spirits to do their will
And gather round them at their need; inspiring
Such with a love themselves can never feel,
Passionless mid their passionate votaries.

In addition to reading this invaluable memoir, one should also not fail to read "Napoleon in Captivity. The Reports of Count Balmain, Russian Commissioner on the Island of St. Helena, 1816–1820. Translated and Edited with Introduction and Notes by Julian Park, Professor of European History, University of Buffalo." Professor Park has performed an important and valuable service in making this interesting record available; and his preface and annotations contain much information.

I owe to the kindness of Mrs. Lewis M. Gee, of Monsey, N. Y., the gift of an autograph letter by Longfellow, which I do not think has ever been published; and it is particularly interesting, because of its early date, when Longfellow was about to leave Bowdoin on a European journey to prepare himself further for his duties as a professor at Harvard; and also for its close, so unlike Longfellow's usual manner, and certainly unlike the Longfellow of accepted tradition.

Bowdoin College, March 3rd, 1835.

This is the last letter you will ever receive from me with date of Bowdoin College; as I have dissolved my connexion with that institution, and shall leave town, next week. I shall sail for London on the first of April—from your city, unless I find a very good opportunity in Boston. I look forward to my foreign travel with feelings of enthusiasm. The anticipation is truly thrilling. However, upon this point I will not enlarge, because it would be "superfluous, and not only so, but likewise supererogatory, besides being principally adscititious."

I have been much too busy to write to you earlier, though courtesy and good breeding required more speed in the wielding of my pen. I have had a great many things to attend to, both in College and out. I am selling off all my household matters, and everything about me is topsy-turvy. I trust that this is excuse enough for my delay in writing.

How go matters with you in the Maga? And what are Harper & brothers doing with my book? They promised to send me the sheets, but not one has come; and Greene writes me, that you have forgotten to send any to him, wherefrom he may prepare a review. I presume there is time enough, however; as I do not see the book announced in the N. York papers yet. I shall probably see you again be-

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fore the book is published. In the last "N. Yorker" Dr. Caruthus has got a rap on the pate, wonderful to be read. Who has treated him so "*Cavalierly*"?

I shall not have time to write you the paper you desired in the vein of Youth and Old Age. I am sorry; but I am too much occupied to think of writing anything but a few farewell letters. I shall not write again for the press, until I get upon the dark blue sea. Then I shall throw the reins upon the neck of fancy—and in my next book—which will be forth coming some years hence—oh fie! what a boaster! I had better see first how Outre Mer turned out.

I have no literary news to tell you. In sooth, this village is too secluded; and on that account I am not sorry to leave it—though there are regrets at leaving a place, where I have passed so many quiet and happy hours. Quoth my Lord Byron

"In leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places—one keeps looking at the steeple."

True enough—true enough. So I will take a glass of wine. Your good health! I wish you were here to drink mine, as I am all alone, *Madame* having retired for the night. My cigar is burnt to the roots—my lamps are dim—and "the bawdy hand of Time is on the —k of one"—as Shakespeare hath it. Therefore, my friend, good night.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, in the summer number of the *Yale Review,* has a characteristic article called "Wordsworth in the Tropics." It is characteristic, because it shows his customary contempt for religion, morality, and idealism—only in this instance it would have been better had Mr. Huxley remembered a little more of Wordsworth's poetry. He begins:

In the neighborhood of latitude fifty north and for the last hundred years or thereabouts, it has been an axiom that Nature is divine and morally uplifting. For good Wordsworthians —and most serious-minded people are now Wordsworthians, either by direct inspiration or at second hand—a walk in the country is the equivalent of going to church. . . .

The Wordsworthian who exports this pantheistic worship of Nature to the tropics is liable to have his religious convictions somewhat rudely disturbed. Nature under a vertical sun, and nourished by the equatorial rains, is not at all like that chaste, mild deity who presides over the *gemütlichkeit,* the prettiness, the cosy sublimities of the Lake District. The worst that Wordsworth's goddess ever did to him was to make him hear

Low breathings coming after me and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod;

was to make him realize, in the shape of "a huge peak, black and huge," the existence of "unknown modes of being." He seems to have imagined that this was the worst nature *could* do. A few weeks in Malaya or Borneo would have undeceived him.

Two comments may be made on all this cleverness. First, it is not the climate or the latitude that determines whether a man can feel the presence of Divinity or not. If all the world were as calm and temperate as England, Mr. Huxley would not be any nearer the kingdom of God than he is now. On the other hand, the writer of the 139th Psalm felt God's presence everywhere.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

But apart from the fact that the realization of God's presence depends not on geography, but on the individual human heart, it is unfortunate that in Mr. Huxley's ridicule of Wordsworth and in his assumption that Wordsworth knew

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nothing of the possibly disastrous influences of the tropics, he should have forgotten Wordsworth's poem "Ruth." I was talking with the American poet and novelist, Mr. Wayland Wells Williams, and the conversation turned to Mr. Huxley's article; Mr. Williams referred to the following lines from "Ruth":

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favoured bowers.

In other words, instead of being ignorant of the evil influences in the tropics, Wordsworth gave them their full value.

To the spiritually minded I recommend "Letters from Baron Friedrich von Hügel to a Niece," edited with an introduction by Gwendolen Greene. The introduction, of forty-five pages, is particularly interesting, because it gives so much of the famous baron's conversation. The letters are not only a guide to the religious life, they contain much shrewd wisdom. Here is a good example of the author's style and manner:

A wonderful thoughtful friend insisted to me that the soul's health and happiness depended upon a maximum of *zest* and as little as possible of excitement. *Zest* is the pleasure which comes from thoughts, occupation, etc., that fit into, that are continuous, applications, etc., of extant habits and interests of a good kind—duties and joys that steady us and give us balance and centrality. *Excitement* is the pleasure which comes from breaking loose, from fragmentariness, from losing our balance and centrality. Zest is natural warmth—Excitement is fever heat. For Zest—to be relied on—requires much self-discipline and recollection—much spaciousness of mind; whereas the more distracted we are, the more racketed and impulse-led, the more we thirst for excitement and the more its sirocco air dries up our spiritual sap and makes us long for more excitement.

Among recent murder stories, I particularly recommend "The Hidden Hand," by Carroll John Daly. Many crime books keep up the interest by suspense; this book maintains it by a lightning rapidity of incident, so there is a thrill on every page. Life in this book is just one thing after another; and how I wish I were as brave as the hero! But, as our modern grammarians would say, I ain't.

Mr. D. J. V. Bevan, a young gentleman of the University of Oxford who took his degree at Yale this year, calls my attention to a recent editorial in the London *Times,* which has such a rich quality of humor that it must be quoted. Every one knows that the two classes of books that are most financially profitable to publishers and author are first, schoolbooks, and second, popular novels. What a wonderful idea to combine the two in one!

BACHELORS OF DETECTION

A great step forward has been taken to make education the joy it ought to be. If there is one thing which lures university students from their set books and makes dons hurry too much in correcting papers, it is the love of detective stories. Other temptations abound, and are not particularly resisted, but none is quite so insidious as this, for the detective story knows how to find its way on to the most businesslike work-table, to lie concealed under note-books, and to catch its victim's eye when

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his resistance is lowest. But it is an old device for schoolmasters to make the most troublesome boy in the school a prefect, and on this principle the University of Chicago has solved the "thriller" problem. It has formally set up a school of crime detection. The laboratory, it may be said by the other American cities, lies conveniently near at hand for the student. If so, the standard in the new school of detection should be abnormally high. The same sort of advantage that Professors' sons enjoy, through the table talk at home will be enjoyed by a high proportion of the pupils, regardless of the walk of life from which they come. The children of criminals, who have for so long been looked on as entering life with a handicap, will be able to take first places, like boys with French mothers when they compete for honors in French. It will not be long before money is left for annual lectures in memory of distinguished gunmen, and these and other academic pickings will solve for many an authority the problem of initial finance after a long term of imprisonment.

John Protheroe, of Rustburg, Va., writes of feminine forms (not anatomy) and of the new Memorial Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford:

When in doubt and perplexity, apply to W. L. P. My present perplexity, one that has been growing with the years, is—Why always "naïve" and never "naïf"?

"Sans artifice," "très simple." Now I ask you, Professor, is it the women who are without artifice and very simple? Surely, that is better applied to us, the naïfs.

From Mary Johnston, Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, comes some interesting comment on "dumbbell" in connection with her entrance into the F. Q. Club.

As to that slang term "dumbbell" attacked some time ago by a reader of "As I Like It," one thinks of it as fairly recent. But the great Victorians liked punning names, and Trollope gave them to more than one character. Is it mere coincidence then that the heir of the Marquis of Hartletop, he that married Griselda Grantly, is Lord Dumbello?

I apply for membership in the Faerie Queene Club, having read the poem through one summer, after a false start of several years before. A difficulty appeared in buying a copy in a city of considerable size, but the fourth shop had one!

Professor F. F. Covington, Jr., of the Mississippi State College for Women, writes me in prose and verse, as follows:

After reading your comments on Seabrook's "The Magic Island" in the May SCRIBNER'S, the spirit moved me to write a bit of doggerel, which I enclose with suitable apologies.

Respectfully Dedicated to William Lyon Phelps

"I am a man of the city——"

Let those whose hearts with raptures thrill
In contemplating lake and hill,
Of all such raptures have their fill;
I *never* would their ardors chill.
I've always said that nature's grand,
But I *prefer* Fleet Street or Strand.

Not few are they who, any minute,
Will pause and hark to jay or linnet;
I will admit there's merit in it;
And yet I'd rather hear the spinet.
The bosky dell's ballade seraphic
Cannot compare with Broadway's traffic.

Some like to visit far countrees
To watch the play of wasps and bees,
Or talk with gentle savages
Beneath the wild bozingo trees.
In such discourse I can't get on;
I'd rather chat with Otto Kahn.

James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Mo., writes:

I understand you have a certain fondness for new words that are humorously fantastic and original. Here is one that may catch your fancy, for which the editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* is responsible—"Vox-popping." We may presume that this would puzzle the intelligent Englishman as we fancied "north-pawed" would do. Anyhow, it adds something to the joy of reading editorials.

"So eminent a scientist as Edwin E. Slosson has taken hold of the question. Vox-popping to the New York *Times*, he gives his diagnosis: . . ."

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From Walter R. Spofford, of Chicago:

In the April "As I Like It" I note your reference to the scene in De Morgan's novel illustrating the grip of a baby's fingers. A parallel case, and one that appeals especially to a parent, is afforded in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," where the miners inspect Cherokee Sal's addition to the population of the camp.

I have not read De Morgan's novel, but I will match the scene from Harte's story with his!

May I say that I harteily agree with this?

As many of my readers know, I am an ardent admirer of the General Practitioner, especially those of the country variety. Here comes in a poem on the subject from one of my correspondents. The ideal seems higher than Kipling's, but I know men who illustrate it.

IF

If you can change tires at four below at four A. M.,

If you can set a fractured femur with a piece of string and a flat iron and get as good results as the mechanical engineering staff of a City Hospital at ten per cent of their fee;

If you can drive through ten miles of mud to ease the little child of a deadbeat——

If you can do a podalic version on the kitchen table of a farmhouse with husband holding legs and grandma giving chloroform——

If you can diagnose tonsillitis from diphtheria with a laboratory forty-eight hours away,

If you can pull the three-pronged fish-hooked molar of the 250 lb. hired man——

If you can maintain your equilibrium when the lordly Specialist sneeringly refers to the General Practitioner——

Then you *are* a real

Country Doctor!

Books about Ambrose Bierce are multiplying, and we shall see and hear him quoted frequently. He had the habit of making the most piercing and cutting remarks, so that sometimes I feel that every sentence in his criticisms might be called a Bierce Arrow.

The best way to enjoy a taxi ride in New York is to take with you a good book. Between the Grand Central Station and Times Square it is quite possible to read "Transcendentalism; a Poem in Twelve Books."

Our days are marked by the revival of Paganism. I see everywhere worshippers of the Sun, though it is the only Deity on which the worshippers turn their backs.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

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Jacques Louis David and the Classical Idea

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

In a time of artistic transition like our own, when revolutionary impulses make themselves manifest, it is interesting to look back and observe the direction which such impulses have sometimes taken, upon historic occasions. The general impression is, I think, that victory is wont to perch upon the banner of the progressive as distinguished from the reactionary, the individualist versus the academician. The "outs" have had a monopoly of virtue and wisdom. They have had to conquer mediocrity intrenched in official power. But the situation is not invariably as simple as all that, a fact by which I have been impressed in reflecting upon the career of Jacques Louis David. His name recalls memories of heroic tableaux, strange studio pieces based on remote history and myth. It is the easiest thing in the world to dismiss them as "old hat" and their creator as a pedantic type whose legend met deserved destruction at the hands of Gericault, Delacroix and the romantic movement of 1830. But the painter of "Les Sabines" was himself an innovator, a destroyer, a man of his time wiping out the levity of an exhausted régime! Born as far back as 1748, a kinsman of Boucher, he was nevertheless spiritually detached from his surroundings and destined completely to reverse some of the most characteristic practices of the eighteenth century. I can't say I love him for it, though, indeed, there is a sense in which his influence did not, ultimately, matter. The adorable eighteenth century came back into its own long ago and to-day criticism prizes Watteau, say, or Chardin, as among the most precious of the masters. But it is worth while to pause upon the man who for a while overshadowed them, because he was in his moments, among other things, a great painter.

His countrymen have never underestimated him. A formidable bibliography is gathered around his name, headed by the gigantic folio which was written by *son petit fils,* Jules David, and published in 1880, an affair of nearly 700 pages, with a great collection of plates superadded in a portfolio of their own. The French commemorated him with their usual thoroughness in 1913, when a huge exhibition of paintings and drawings by him and his pupils (Ingres among them) was held in Paris. At rare intervals something of David's turns up in New York. Mr. Rockefeller bought a masterpiece of his four or five years ago, the stately "Lavoisier and his Wife," which now hangs in the Rockefeller Institute. It is a noble portrait, flawless in composition and pervaded by a wonderful serenity, a wonderful distinction. In the Chester Dale collection there is a handsome portrait of a man, "The Hunter." The Metropolitan Museum re-

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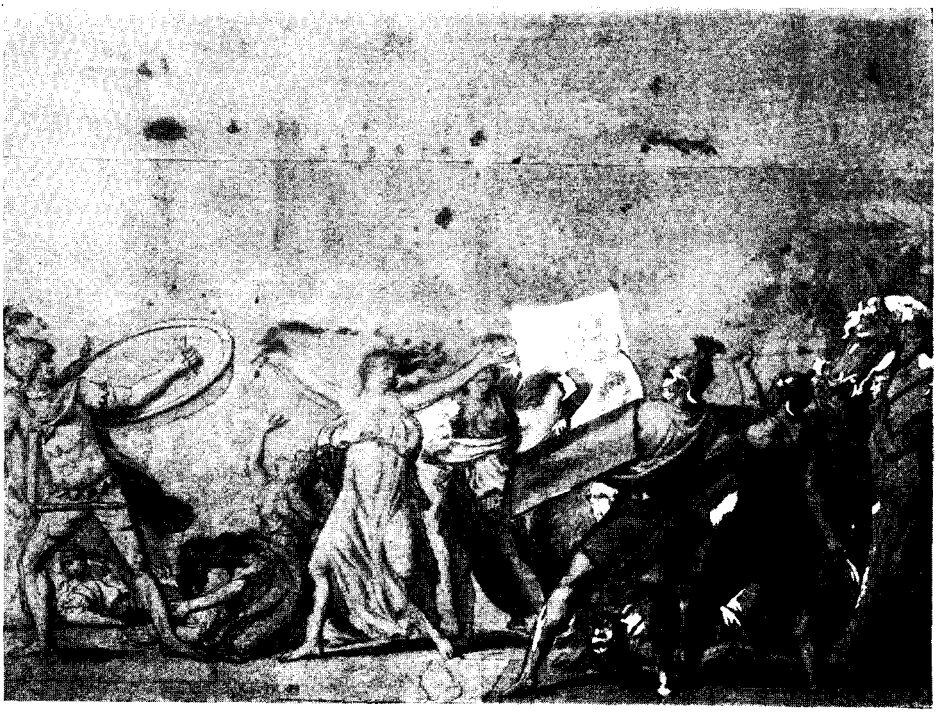
Jacques Louis David.

From the drawing by himself.

Marie Antoinette on her way to the Guillotine.

From the drawing by David.



The first study for Les Sabines.

From the drawing by David.

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Marat Mort.

From the painting by David.

Bonaparte, 1^er^ Consul.

From the portrait by David.

Le Conventionnel Gerard et sa famille.

From the portrait by David.

Lavoisier and his wife.

From the portrait by David.

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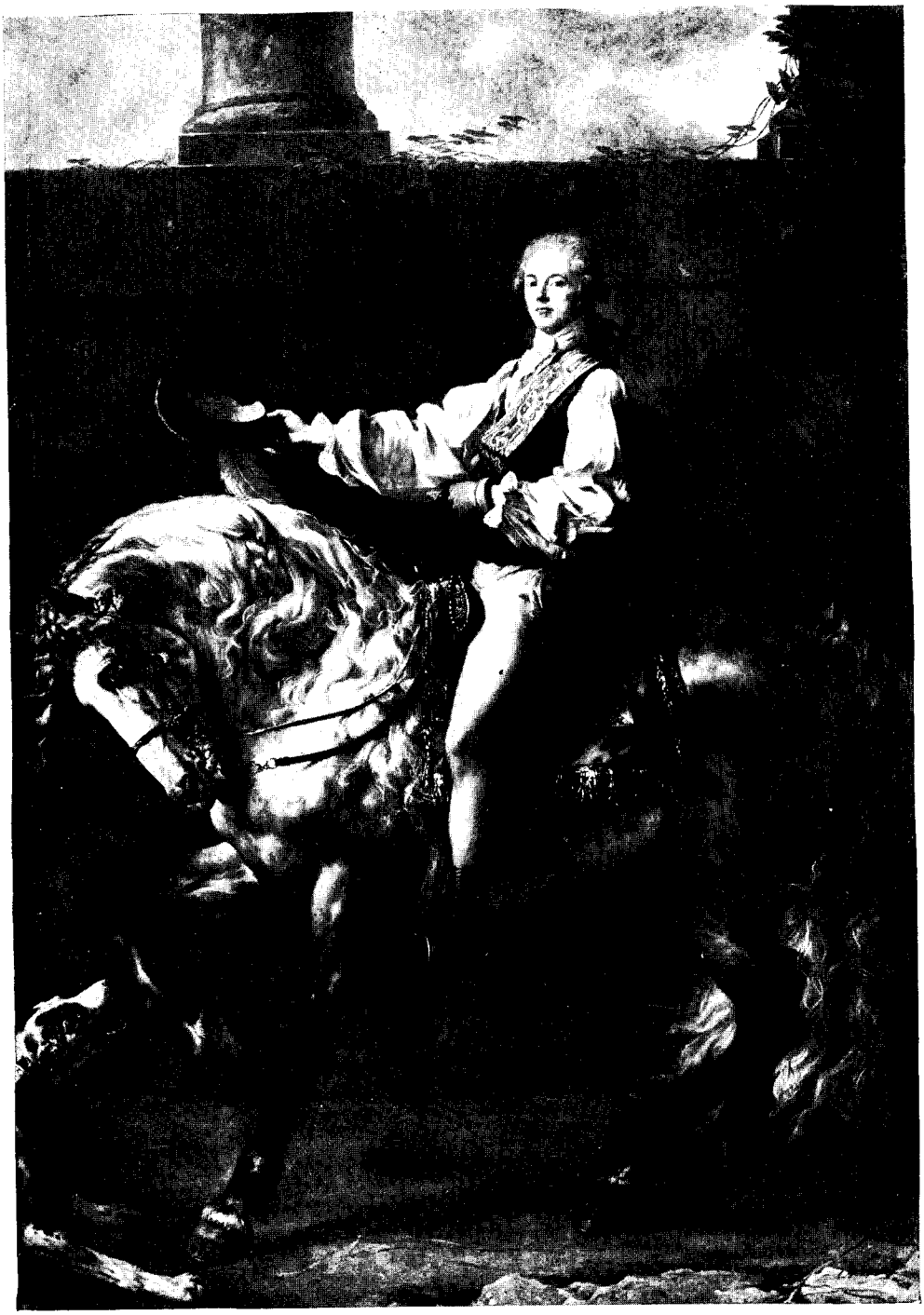

Comte Potocki.

From the portrait by David.

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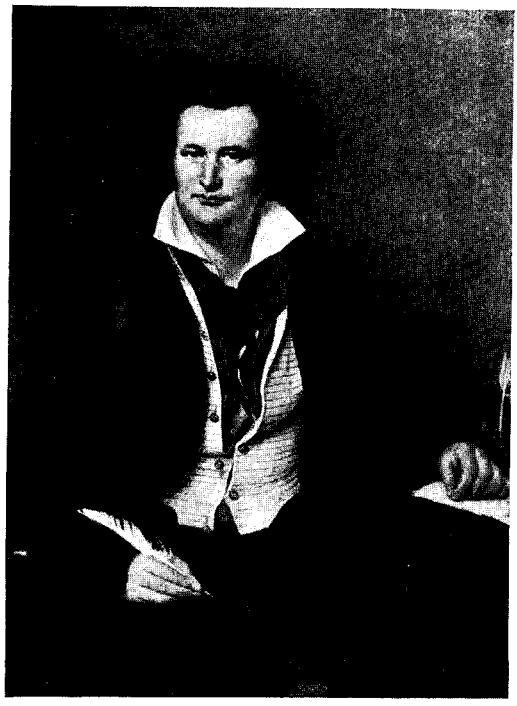

The Comedian Wolf.

From the portrait by David.

Mlle. Joly of the Comédie Francaise.

From the portrait by David.

Mme. Seriziat.

From the portrait by David

M. Desmaisons.

From the portrait by David.

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ceived by the Fletcher Bequest, in 1917, a charming portrait of a seated young woman, "Mlle. Charlotte Du Val D'Ognes." It is significant that these American examples are all portraits, a matter to which I shall recur. The pictures are difficult to imagine as objects of the modern collector's zeal. Yet they have their place in history and if "Les Sabines" is in the Louvre, along with several other major specimens of his art, it is for a good reason. In the mausoleum-like biography to which I have referred his grandson lists the master's disciples. Their names, given in double columns of small type, fill the better part of six pages. And this is only one indication of his prodigious influence. That told not only upon painting but upon decoration, furniture and costume. When the Revolution came it turned classical, as everybody knows, and by that time David was ready to function as its high priest. The historians give him a grimmer title; they call him a despot, and the word is just. He stood forth as an embodiment of law and order in art and as an arbiter he was implacable. But the piquant thing about his filling of the rôle assigned to him is that, at bottom, he was in harmony with something fundamental in the French genius, its intellectual integrity. "In France," a clever Frenchman has said, "the first consideration for us is not whether we are amused and pleased by a work of art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it. What we seek above all to learn is, whether *we were right* in being amused by it and in applauding it and being moved by it." David was like that, inquiring and conscientious. He believed in principles of design and workmanship, what he was convinced were the right principles, and the particular turn that his mind took had what seemed to him a fairly sacred sanction. He followed his ideal with high-erected devotion—and enforced it roundabout with a rod of iron.

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There is something a little amusing in his beginnings. As a child in Paris, where he was born, he had a passion for drawing and he was soon enough embarked upon an artist's career. For his first instructor he had his uncle, Boucher, and that, I maintain, means one of the oddest juxtapositions in the annals of art. He was to start his training under a master who was saturated in eighteenth-century elegance, a type of mundane artificiality whose stalwart power and keen feeling for classical motives never led him away from the central inspiration of eighteenth-century painting, its grace and its superficiality, its charm and its aridity. The young pupil, of course, did not at once know that he was in the wrong galley. For some time, indeed, he toyed with the palette and the sentiment of the period. But under Vien, to whom Boucher presently handed him over, he began to bring to the surface that austerity which was at the core of his being. Vien coached him for the Prix de Rome. He competed repeatedly but it was not until he made his fourth effort that he won, in 1774, when he was twenty-six years old. The subject was "Antiochus et Stratonice" and his imposing treatment of it pre-figures the habit of mind which was thenceforth to mark him. At the same time that David won his prize Vien was appointed Director of the French Academy at Rome and in the following year the two set out for Italy together.

Arrived there David sat at the feet of curiously diverse masters, Michael Angelo on the one hand and Domenichino on the other, Raphael in one moment and Guido Reni in the next. But it was above

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all by Raphael that he was moved, edified, and confirmed in his natural predilections; it was by Raphael that he was drawn closer and closer to the genius of the classical past. Among the many passages of David's writing that his grandson prints there is a notable dithyramb on the Prince of Painters—*Raphael, homme divin, c'est toi qui par degré m'elevas jusqu'à l'antique*. In that was his guiding star, *l'antique*. It is somewhat difficult to make out the precise reasons for his subjection to that motive. On the whole, he seems to have suffered a kind of inner illumination, to have developed through his imagination, and half unconsciously, the hypothesis that antiquity was "right." When he painted "Les Sabines" and objection was brought to *la nudité de mes héros* his retort was merely that the usage among the painters, sculptors and poets of antiquity was to show their characters in the nude. It had been done, in the golden age, and the golden age could do no wrong. But beside this childlike faith in precedent David was temperamentally attuned to it and the most important thing to remember in approaching his illustrations to antique literature, his "Sabines," his "Brutus," his "Horatii," is that they were painted out of an impassioned sincerity, with an ardor that had in it an animating power.

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Those pictures have to this day a certain dramatic energy, a certain force. Then, too, design is there, true, well balanced, thoroughly French design, fortified by a high order of draughtsmanship. I do not blink the central error in them, the error of reconstructing old tableaux on external theory, with one eye on the statuesque side of antiquity. In his effort to make his art plastic David involved it in convention and his classicism, for all its fervor, inevitably leaves us cold. But there remains that fervor, that sincerity of which I have spoken, that driving force, and there remains—for the spectator—the duty of searching out the human creature behind his pompous stagecraft. You begin to apprehend him a little more sympathetically when you follow his doings on the return from Italy, and, before very long, his participation in the Revolution. He strode like a man into the conflict. In 1792 he was elected to the Convention. He became the friend of Robespierre, gained some prestige thereby, and, with the turn of the wheel, shared in the repercussions of his leader's downfall, tasting captivity. The point I would stress is that he rose to the exigencies of his time, was as deeply touched by the emotions of that great upheaval as though he had never in his life had an academic thought. I know nothing more poignant than his sketch of Marie Antoinette in the tumbril on her way to the guillotine, an outline drawn as he watched from the window of his fellow Representative, Jullien. No mere antiquarian could have achieved such stark pathos. If you want realism, fairly vibrant realism, look at his profile of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, another actor in the Revolutionary drama. Or at that grisly picture in the Brussels Museum, the famous "Marat Mort." It has, to our modern eyes, an ordered, academic simplicity, but it was brought forth with a fierce vigor out of the very murk and turmoil of a volcanic epoch. Jules David tells how the picture came into being. Guiraud, orator of the deputation that came to address the Convention on the death of the patriot, uttered in the course of his remarks, a direct appeal: Where art thou, David? Thou hast transmitted to posterity the image of Lepelle-

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tier, dead for *la patrie*. There remains another picture to be made." The painter's response was immediate. *Je le ferai!* he exclaimed. That was in the summer of 1793. In the autumn of the same year he could report to the Convention that his work was done and we have his own words to suggest the mood in which it had been carried out: "The people asked for their murdered man back again, longed to look once more on the features of their truest friend. They cried to me, 'David, take up your brush, avenge Marat, so that the enemy may blanch when they perceive the distorted countenance of the man who became the victim of his love of freedom.' I heard the voice of the people and obeyed." Thus the melodramatic speech begins and it terminates on an equally rhetorical note, *Je vote pour Marat les honneurs du Panthéon!*

I refer to the origins of the picture in order to emphasize their emotional aspect, to indicate the actuality of which David was capable. This man in whom *l'antique* was ingrained was also a man of feeling and of truth, the spontaneous and even glowing spokesman of his contemporaries. This organizer of archæological tableaux was, in his way, as impressionistic as Degas, and had far more tumultuous passions. It is an odd paradox, one that is even a little disconcerting, especially as the years go on, the Revolution dies down, Napoleon intervenes, and a new dispensation takes David within its scope. There is something peculiarly appropriate to the temper of the old Spartan in the terse wording of the decree which marks his establishment in Imperial favor: *Nous avons nommé et nommons Monsieur David notre premier Peintre. Napoleon.* He was through with politics by that time, 1804, and, in a measure, he was withdrawn from his communing with antiquity. He painted the "Coronation" and the "Distribution of the Eagles," immense theatrical affairs, rather showy, and, if you like, academic. But there is life in them and especially there is the interest of powerful portraiture, a phase of the subject to which all along I have been impatient to return.

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David the picture-builder "dates," in spite of all his merits, and even when he injects something like naturalistic movement into a design, as in the "Distribution of the Eagles," that sense of the artfully arranged tableau to which I have so often alluded will somehow revive. But David the portrait-painter is another type altogether, one fitted to develop a delightful *rapprochement* between classical dignity and the actuality so potent in the "Marat Mort." One proof of his validity in portraiture lies in the extent of his range. That embraces the aristocratic elegance of the "Lavoisier and his Wife" or the resplendent "Comte Potocki" and the bourgeois simplicity of "Le Conventionnel Gérard et sa Famille." He could pass from the courtliness of his earlier "Caffieri" or the intensely eighteenth-century portrait of his relative "M. Demaisons," to the intimate and psychologically haunting "Bonaparte Ier Consul," an unfinished masterpiece, and to divers studies of comparative humble stage folk. Whatever he does in portraiture has life, character, distinction, and, to use another epithet I have used before, force, always force. There was nothing juiceless about him, and, I may add, there was nothing wanting to his technique. His portraits are beautifully painted. They seem to lift him above his classical preoccupations and to give an added brilliance to his brush as they give an added stimulus to his mind. The pre-

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occupations persisted, no doubt. When the Napoleonic fabric melted away and David found it convenient to settle in Brussels, where he died, in 1825, with no more of the Imperial figures to paint, you find him designing a monumental "Mars et Venus" with all the enthusiasm of his early Roman dedication to pagan story. But if the flair for the tableau lasted, so did the instinct for life, and David's art down to the end has in it a strangely persuasive vitality.

It is the mark of the great artist, the man of authentic gifts, who triumphs even over a mistaken obsession, even over that dogmatic, disciplinary point of view which we characterize, roughly, as academic. If I have lingered briefly over the incidents of David's career it has been partly, I must confess, because he confirms so decisively a favorite hypothesis of mine, that no artist with stuff in him was ever snuffed out by the admittedly meretricious influence of a formula, a movement. The artist comes before the movement, the school. They do not create him, but he makes and dominates them, and this is true even when, as in the academic throng, a man arises who is nominally an exemplar of an immemorial tradition. If he has genius it is simply a case of his taking his good where he finds it, as the French say. He may adopt an old garment, finding it fits him, but he wears it with an independent air. Witness the act of Raphael, coming upon the antique marble group that is in the library at Siena and basing on it the lovely little "Three Graces" at Chantilly. He echoes the marble, he echoes Perugino, his master, too, but he is unmistakably Raphaelesque. He, too, was an antiquarian, stirred, as was the whole Italian Renaissance, by the classic past. He, too, was "academic." But the decorations of the Vatican, and the Sistine Madonna, miracles of design, have in them the inspiration that springs only from heart and soul and brain. How heavily Bramante rested upon classicism and how nobly he used it to his own ends in the Cancelleria and other immortal buildings! Consider our own Gilbert Stuart, a child of the eighteenth-century British tradition. He had "academic" affiliations and sometimes they gripped him hard. He drew on French as well as English formula. For his "Lansdowne Washington" he borrowed a design of Rigaud's. But the essential Stuart is a man of personal power, a born painter. So it was with Jacques Louis David. His best work—and it is axiomatic that a man must always be judged by his best—is merely superb. It is a reminder of one of the first principles in the appreciation of art, never to traffic with labels but to pierce beneath the surface to what is natural and truly characteristic of a man. David's classical pictures disclose genius hampered and almost smothered. His portraits are those of a free, puissant master. The despot has been dethroned. The great painter remains.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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A Farewell to Arms

(Continued from page 284 of this number.)

care much about the outward forms. I had taken off the stars, but that was for convenience. It was no point of honor. I was not against them. I was through. I wished them all the luck. There were the good ones, and the brave ones, and the calm ones and the sensible ones, and they deserved it. But it was not my show any more and I wished this bloody train would get to Mestre and I would eat and stop thinking. I would have to stop.

Piani would tell them they had shot me. They went through the pockets and took the papers of the people they shot. They would not have my papers. They might call me drowned. I wondered what they would hear in the States. Dead from wounds and other causes. Good Christ, I was hungry. I wondered what had become of the priest at the mess. And Rinaldi. He was probably at Pordenone. If they had not gone further back. Well, I would never see him now. I would never see any of them now. That life was over. I did not think he had the syphilis. It was not a serious disease anyway if you took it in time, they said. But he would worry. I would worry too if I had it. Any one would worry.

I was not made to think. I was made to eat. My God, yes. Eat and drink and sleep with Catherine. To-night maybe. No, that was impossible. But to-morrow night, and a good meal and sheets and never going away again except together. Probably have to go damned quickly. She would go. I knew she would go. When would we go? That was something to think about. It was getting dark. I lay and thought where we would go. There were many places.

XXXIII

I dropped off the train in Milan as it slowed to come into the station early in the morning before it was light. I crossed the track and came out between some buildings and down onto the street. A wine shop was open and I went in for some coffee. It smelled of early morning, of swept dust, spoons in coffee glasses and the wet circles left by wine glasses. The proprietor was behind the bar. Two soldiers sat at a table. I stood at the bar and drank a glass of coffee and ate a piece of bread. The coffee was gray with milk, and I skimmed the milk scum off the top with a piece of bread. The proprietor looked at me.

"You want a glass of grappa?"

"No, thanks."

"On me," he said and poured a small glass and pushed it toward me. "What's happening at the Front?"

"I would not know."

"They are drunk," he said, moving his hand toward the two soldiers. I could believe him. They looked drunk.

"Tell me," he said. "What is happening at the Front?"

"I would not know about the Front."

"I saw you come down the wall. You came off the train."

"There is a big retreat."

"I read the papers. What happens? Is it over?"

"I don't think so."

He filled the glass with grappa from a short bottle. "If you are in trouble," he said, "I can keep you."

"I am not in trouble."

"If you are in trouble stay here with me."

"Where does one stay?"

"In the building. Many stay here. Any who are in trouble stay here."

"Are many in trouble?"

"It depends on the trouble. You are a South American?"

"No."

"Speak Spanish?"

"A little."

He wiped off the bar.

"It is hard now to leave the country but no way impossible."

"I have no wish to leave."

"You can stay here as long as you want. You will see what sort of man I am."

"I have to go this morning but I will remember the address to return."

He shook his head. "You won't come back if you talk like that. I thought you were in real trouble."

"I am in no trouble. But I value the address of a friend."

I put a ten lire note on the bar to pay for the coffee.

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"Have a grappa with me," I said.

"It is not necessary."

"Have one."

He poured the two glasses.

"Remember," he said. "Come here. Do not let other people take you in. Here you are all right."

"I am sure."

"You are sure?"

"Yes."

He was serious. "Then let me tell you one thing. Do not go about with that coat."

"Why?"

"On the sleeves it shows very plainly where the stars have been cut away. The cloth is a different color."

I did not say anything.

"If you have no papers I can give you papers."

"What papers?"

"Leave papers."

"I have no need for papers. I have papers."

"All right," he said. "But if you need papers I can get what you wish."

"How much are such papers?"

"It depends on what they are. The price is reasonable."

"I don't need any now."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm all right," I said.

When I went out he said, "Don't forget that I am your friend."

"No."

"I will see you again," he said.

"Good," I said.

Outside I kept away from the station, where there were military police, and picked up a cab at the edge of the little park. I gave the driver the address of the hospital. At the hospital I went to the porter's lodge. His wife embraced me. He shook my hand.

"You are back. You are safe."

"Yes."

"Have you had breakfast?"

"Yes."

"How are you, Tenente? How are you?" the wife asked.

"Fine."

"Won't you have breakfast with us?"

"No, thank you. Tell me, is Miss Barkley here at the hospital now?"

"Miss Barkley?"

"The English lady nurse."

"His girl," the wife said. She patted my arm and smiled.

"No," the porter said. "She is away."

My heart went down. "You are sure? I mean the tall blond English young lady."

"I am sure. She is gone to Stresa."

"When did she go?"

"She went two days ago with the other lady English."

"Good," I said. "I wish you to do something for me. Do not tell any one you have seen me. It is very important."

"I won't tell any one," the porter said. I gave him a ten lire note. He pushed it away.

"I promise you I will tell no one," he said. "I don't want any money."

"What can we do for you, Signor Tenente?" his wife asked.

"Only that," I said.

"We are dumb," the porter said. "You will let me know anything I can do?"

"Yes," I said. "Good-by. I will see you again."

They stood in the door looking after me.

I got into the cab and gave the driver the address of Simmons, one of the men I knew who was studying singing.

Simmons lived a long way out in the town toward the Porta Magenta. He was still in bed and sleepy when I went to see him.

"You get up awfully early, Henry," he said.

"I came in on the early train."

"What's all this retreat? Were you at the Front? Will you have a cigarette? They're in that box on the table." It was a big room with a bed beside the wall, a piano over on the far side and a dresser and table. I sat on a chair by the bed. Simmons sat propped up by the pillows and smoked.

"I'm in a jam, Sim," I said.

"So am I," he said. "I'm always in a jam. Won't you smoke?"

"No." I said. "What's the procedure in going to Switzerland?"

"For you? The Italians wouldn't let you out of the country."

"Yes. I know that. But the Swiss. What will they do?"

"They intern you."

"I know. But what's the mechanics of it?"

"Nothing. It's very simple. You can go anywhere. I think you just have to report or something. Why? Are you fleeing the police?"

"Nothing definite yet."

"Don't tell me if you don't want. But it would be interesting to hear. Nothing happens here. I was a great flop at Piacenza."

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"I'm awfully sorry."

"Oh yes—I went very badly. I sung well too. I'm going to try it again at the Lyrico here."

"I'd like to be there."

"You're awfully polite. You aren't in a bad mess, are you?"

"I don't know."

"Don't tell me if you don't want. How do you happen to be away from the bloody Front?"

"I think I'm through with it."

"Good boy. I always knew you had sense. Can I help you any way?"

"You're awfully busy."

"Not a bit of it, my dear Henry. Not a bit of it. I'd be happy to do anything."

"You're about my size. Would you go out and buy me an outfit of civilian clothes? I've clothes but they're all at Rome."

"You did live there, didn't you? It's a filthy place. How did you ever live there?"

"I wanted to be an architect."

"That's no place for that. Don't buy clothes. I'll give you all the clothes you want. I'll fit you out so you'll be a great success. Go in that dressing-room. There's a closet. Take anything you want. My dear fellow, you don't want to buy clothes."

"I'd rather buy them, Sim."

"My dear fellow, it's easier for me to let you have them than go out and buy them. Have you got a passport? You won't get far without a passport."

"Yes. I've still got my passport."

"Then get dressed, my dear fellow, and off to old Helvetia."

"It's not that simple. I have to go up to Stresa first."

"Ideal, my dear fellow. You just row a boat across. If I wasn't trying to sing I'd go with you. I'll go yet."

"You could take up yodelling."

"My dear fellow, I'll take up yodelling yet. I really can sing though. That's the strange part."

"I'll bet you can sing."

He lay back in bed smoking a cigarette.

"Don't bet too much. But I can sing though. It's damned funny but I can. I like to sing. Listen." He sang, his neck swelling, the veins standing out. He stopped. "I can sing," he said. "Whether they like it or not."

I looked out of the window. "I'll go down and let my cab go."

"Come back up, my dear fellow, and we'll have breakfast." He stepped out of bed, stood straight, took a deep breath and commenced doing bending exercises. I went down-stairs and paid off the cab.

XXXIV

In civilian clothes I felt a masquerader. I had been in uniform a long time and I missed the feeling of being held by your clothes. The trousers felt very floppy. I had bought a ticket at Milan for Stresa. I had also bought a new hat. I could not wear Sim's hat but his clothes were fine. They smelled of tobacco and as I sat in the compartment and looked out the window the new hat felt very new and the clothes very old. I myself felt as sad as the wet Lombard country that was outside through the window. There were some aviators in the compartment who did not think much of me. They avoided looking at me and were very scornful of a civilian my age. I did not feel insulted. In the old days I would have insulted them and picked a fight. They got off at Gallarate and I was glad to be alone. I had the paper but I did not read it because I did not want to read about the war. I was going to forget the war. I had made a separate peace. I felt damned lonely and was glad when the train got to Stresa.

At the station I had expected to see the porters from the hotels but there was no one. The season had been over a long time and no one met the train. I got down from the train with my bag, it was Sim's bag, and very light to carry, being empty except for two shirts, and stood under the roof of the station in the rain while the train went on. I found a man in the station and asked him if he knew what hotels were open. The Gran Hotel Des Isles Borromees was open and several small hotels that stayed open all the year. I started in the rain for the Isles Borromees carrying my bag. I saw a carriage coming down the street and signalled to the driver. It was better to arrive in a carriage. We drove up to the carriage entrance of the big hotel and the concierge came out with an umbrella and was very polite.

I took a good room. It was very big and light and looked out on the lake. The clouds were down over the lake but it would be beautiful with the sunlight. I was expecting my wife, I said. There was a big double bed, a *letto matrimoniale* with a satin coverlet. The hotel was very luxurious. I went down the

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long halls, down the wide stairs, through the rooms to the bar. I knew the barman and sat on a high stool and ate salted almonds and potato chips. The martini felt cool and clean.

"What are you doing here in *borghese?*" the barman asked after he had mixed a second martini.

"I am on leave. Convalescing leave."

"There is no one here. I don't know why they keep the hotel open."

"Have you been fishing?"

"I've caught some beautiful pieces. Trolling this time of year you catch some beautiful pieces."

"Did you ever get the tobacco I sent?"

"Yes. Didn't you get my card?"

I laughed. I had not been able to get the tobacco. It was American pipe tobacco that he wanted but my relatives had stopped sending it or it was being held up. Anyway it never came.

"I'll get some somewhere," I said. "Tell me, have you seen two English girls in the town? They came here day before yesterday."

"They are not at the hotel."

"They are nurses."

"I have seen two nurses. Wait a minute. I will find out where they are."

"One of them is my wife," I said. "I have come here to meet her."

"The other is my wife."

"I am not joking."

"Pardon my stupid joke," he said. "I did not understand." He went away and was gone quite a little while. I ate olives, salted almonds and potato chips and looked at myself in civilian clothes in the mirror behind the bar. The bartender came back. "They are at the little hotel near the station," he said.

"How about some sandwiches?"

"I'll ring for some. You understand there is nothing here, now there are no people."

"Isn't there really any one at all?"

"Yes. There are a few people."

The sandwiches came and I ate three and drank a couple more martinis. I had never tasted anything so cool and clean. They made me feel civilized. I had had too much red wine, bread, cheese, bad coffee and grappa. I sat on the high stool before the pleasant mahogany, the brass and the mirrors and did not think at all. The barman asked me some question.

"Don't talk about the war," I said. The war was a long way away. Maybe there wasn't any war. There was no war here. Then I realized it was over for me. But I did not have the feeling that it was really over. I had the feeling of a small boy who thinks of what is happening at a certain hour at the schoolhouse from which he has played truant.

Catherine and Helen Ferguson were at supper when I came to their hotel. Standing in the hallway I saw them at table. Catherine's face was away from me and I saw the line of her hair and her cheek and her lovely neck and shoulders. Ferguson was talking. She stopped when I came in.

"My God," she said.

"Hello," I said.

"Why, it's you!" Catherine said. Her face lighted up. She looked too happy to believe it. I kissed her. Catherine blushed and I sat down at the table.

"You're a fine mess," Ferguson said. "What are you doing here? Have you eaten?"

"No." The girl who was serving the meal came in and I told her to bring a plate for me. Catherine looked at me all the time, her eyes happy.

"What are you doing in mufti?" Ferguson asked.

"I'm in the cabinet."

"You're in some mess."

"Cheer up, Fergy. Cheer up just a little."

"I'm not cheered by seeing you. I know the mess you've gotten this girl into. You're no cheerful sight to me."

Catherine smiled at me and touched me with her foot under the table.

"No one got me in a mess, Fergy. I get in my own messes."

"I can't stand him," Ferguson said. "He's done nothing but ruin you with his sneaking Italian tricks. Americans are worse than Italians."

"The Scotch are such a moral people," Catherine said.

"I don't mean that. I mean his Italian sneakiness."

"Am I sneaky, Fergy?"

"You are. You're worse than sneaky. You're like a snake. A snake with an Italian uniform; with a cape around your neck."

"I haven't got an Italian uniform now."

"That's just another example of your sneakiness. You had a love affair all summer and got this girl with child and now I suppose you'll sneak off."

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I smiled at Catherine and she smiled at me.

"We'll both sneak off," she said.

"You're two of the same thing," Ferguson said. "I'm ashamed of you Catherine Barkley. You have no shame and no honor and you're as sneaky as he is."

"Don't Fergy," Catherine said and patted her hand. "Don't denounce me. You know we like each other."

"Take your hand away," Ferguson said. Her face was red. "If you had any shame it would be different. You think it's a joke and are all smiles because your seducer's come back. You've no shame and no feelings." She began to cry. Catherine went over and put her arm around her.

"I don't care," Ferguson sobbed. "I think it's dreadful."

"There, there, Fergy," Catherine comforted her. "I'll be ashamed. Don't cry Fergy. Don't cry old Fergy."

"I'm not crying," Ferguson sobbed. "I'm not crying. Except for the awful thing you've gotten into." She looked at me. "I hate you," she said. "She can't make me not hate you. You dirty sneaking American Italian." Her eyes and nose were red with crying.

Catherine smiled at me.

"Don't you smile at him with your arm around me."

"You're unreasonable Fergy."

"I know it," Ferguson sobbed. "You mustn't mind me either of you. I'm so upset. I'm not reasonable. I know it. I want you both to be happy."

"We're happy," Catherine said. "You're a sweet Fergy."

Ferguson cried again. "I don't want you happy the way you are. Why don't you get married? You haven't got another wife have you?"

"No." I said. Catherine laughed.

"It's nothing to laugh about," Ferguson said. "Plenty of them have other wives."

"We'll be married Fergy," Catherine said. "If it will please you."

"Not to please me. You should want to be married."

"We've been very busy."

"Yes. I know." I thought she was going to cry again but she went into bitterness instead. "I suppose you'll go off with him now tonight?"

"Yes," said Catherine. "If he wants me."

"What about me?"

"Are you afraid to stay here alone?"

"Yes I am."

"Then I'll stay with you."

"No, go on with him. Go with him right away. I'm sick of seeing both of you."

"We'd better finish dinner."

"No. Go right away."

"Fergy be reasonable."

"I say get out right away. Go away both of you."

"Let's go then," I said. I was sick of Fergy.

"You do want to go. You see you want to leave me even to eat dinner alone. I've always wanted to go to the Italian lakes and this is how it is. Oh, Oh," she sobbed, then looked at Catherine and choked.

"We'll stay till after dinner," Catherine said. "And I'll not leave you alone if you want me to stay. I won't leave you alone Fergy."

"No. No. I want you to go. I want you to go." She wiped her eyes. "I'm so unreasonable. Please don't mind me."

The girl who served the meal had been upset by all the crying. Now as she brought in the next course she seemed relieved and happy that things were better.

That night at the hotel, in our room with the long empty hall outside and our shoes outside the door, a thick carpet on the floor of the room, outside the windows the rain falling and in the room light and pleasant and cheerful; then the light out and it exciting with smooth sheets and the bed comfortable, feeling that we had come home, feeling no longer alone, waking in the night to find the other one there, and not gone away; all other things were unreal. We slept when we were tired and if we woke the other one woke too so one was not alone. Often a man wishes to be alone and a girl wishes to be alone too and if they love each other they are jealous of that in each other, but I can truly say we never felt that. We could feel alone when we were together, alone against the others. It has only happened to me like that once. I have been alone while I was with many girls and that is the way that you can be most lonely. But we were never lonely and never afraid when we were together. I know that the night is not the same as the day; that all things are different, that the things of the night cannot be explained in the day, because they do not then exist, and the night can be a dreadful time for lonely people once their loneliness has started. But with Catherine there was almost no difference

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in the night except that it was an even better time. If people bring so much courage to this world the world has to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks every one and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry.

I remember waking in the morning. Catherine was asleep and the sunlight was coming in through the window. The rain had stopped and I stepped out of bed and across the floor to the window. Down below were the gardens, bare now but beautifully regular, the gravel paths, the trees, the stone wall by the lake and the lake in the sunlight with the mountains beyond. I stood at the window looking out and when I turned away I saw Catherine was awake and watching me.

"How are you darling?" she said. "Isn't it a lovely day."

"How do you feel?"

"I feel very well. We had a lovely night."

"Do you want breakfast?"

She wanted breakfast. So did I and we had it in bed, the November sunlight coming in the window, and the breakfast tray across my lap.

"Don't you want the paper? You always wanted the paper in the hospital."

"No," I said. "I don't want the paper now."

"Was it so bad you don't want even to read about it?"

"I don't want to read about it."

"I wish I had been with you so I would know about it too."

"I'll tell you about it if I ever get it straight in my head."

"But won't they arrest you if they catch you out of uniform."

"They'll probably shoot me."

"Then we'll not stay here. We'll get out of the country."

"I'd thought something of that."

"We'll get out. Darling you shouldn't take silly chances. Tell me how did you come from Mestre to Milan?"

"I came on the train. I was in uniform then."

"Weren't you in danger then?"

"Not much. I had an old order of movement. I fixed the dates on it in Mestre."

"Darling you're liable to be arrested here any time. I won't have it. It's silly to do something like that. Where would we be if they took you off?"

"Let's not think about it. I'm tired of thinking about it."

"What would you do if they came to arrest you?"

"Shoot them."

"You see how silly you are, I won't let you go out of the hotel until we leave here."

"Where are we going to go?"

"Please don't be that way darling. We'll go wherever you say. But please find some place to go right away."

"Switzerland is down the lake—we can go there."

"That will be lovely."

It was clouding over outside and the lake was darkening.

"I wish we did not always have to live like criminals," I said.

"Darling don't be that way. You haven't lived like a criminal very long. And we never live like criminals. We're going to have a fine time."

"I feel like a criminal. I've deserted from the army."

"Darling *please* be sensible. It's not deserting from the army. It's only the Italian army."

I laughed. "You're a fine girl. Let's get back into bed. I feel fine in bed."

A little while later Catherine said, "You don't feel like a criminal do you?"

"No," I said. "Not when I'm with you."

"You're such a silly boy," she said. "But I'll look after you. Isn't it splendid darling that I don't have any morning sickness?"

"It's grand."

"You don't appreciate what a fine wife you have. But I don't care. I'll get you some place where they can't arrest you and then we'll have a lovely time."

"Let's go there right away."

"We will darling. I'll go any place any time you wish."

"Let's not think about anything."

"All right."

XXXV

Catherine went along the lake to the little hotel to see Ferguson and I sat in the bar and

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read the papers. There were comfortable leather chairs in the bar and I sat in one of them and read until the barman came in. The army had not stood at the Tagliamento. They were falling back to the Piave. I remembered the Piave. The railroad crossed it near San Dona going up to the front. It was deep and slow there and quite narrow. Down below there were mosquito marshes and canals. There were some lovely villas. Once, before the war, going up to Cortina D'Ampezzo I had gone along it for several hours in the hills. Up there it looked like a trout stream, flowing swiftly with shallow stretches and pools under the shadow of the rocks. The road turned off from it at Cadore. I wondered how the army that was up there would come down. The barman came in.

"Count Greffi was asking for you," he said.

"Who?"

"Count Greffi. You remember the old man who was here when you were here before."

"Is he here?"

"Yes he's here with his niece. I told him you were here. He wants you to play billiards."

"Where is he?"

"He's taking a walk."

"How is he?"

"He's younger than ever. He drank three champagne cocktails last night before dinner."

"How's his billiard game?"

"Good. He beat me. When I told him you were here he was very pleased. There's nobody here for him to play with."

Count Greffi was ninety-four years old. He had been a contemporary of Metternich and was an old man with white hair and mustache and beautiful manners. He had been in the diplomatic service of both Austria and Italy and his birthday parties were the great social event of Milan. He was living to be one hundred years old and played a smoothly fluent game of billiards that contrasted with his own ninety-four year old brittleness. I had met him when I had been at Stresa once before out of season and while we played billiards we drank champagne. I thought it was a splendid custom and he gave me fifteen points in a hundred and beat me.

"Why didn't you tell me he was here?"

"I forgot it."

"Who else is here?"

"No one you know. There are only six people altogether."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing."

"Come on out fishing."

"I could come for an hour."

"Come on. Bring the trolling line."

The barman put on a coat and we went out. We went down and got a boat and I rowed while the barman sat in the stern and let out the line with a spinner and a heavy sinker on the end to troll for lake trout. We rowed along the shore, the barman holding the line in his hand and giving it occasional jerks forward. Stresa looked very deserted from the lake. There were the long rows of bare trees, the big hotels and the closed villas. I rowed across to Isola Bella and went close to the walls, where the water deepened sharply, and you saw the rock wall slanting down in the clear water, and then up and along to the fisherman's Island. The sun was under a cloud and the water was dark and smooth and very cold. We did not have a strike though we saw some circles on the water from rising fish.

I rowed up opposite the fisherman's island where there were boats drawn up and men were mending nets.

"Should we get a drink?"

"All right."

I brought the boat up to the stone pier and the barman pulled in the line coiling it on the bottom of the boat, and hooking the spinner on the edge of the gunwale. I stepped out and tied the boat. We went into a little café, sat at a bare wooden table and ordered vermouth.

"Are you tired from rowing?"

"No."

"I'll row back," he said.

"I like to row."

"Maybe if you hold the line it will change the luck."

"All right."

"Tell me how goes the war."

"Rotten."

"I don't have to go. I'm too old like Count Greffi."

"Maybe you'll have to go yet."

"Next year they'll call my class. But I won't go."

"What will you do?"

"Get out of the country. I wouldn't go to war. I was at the war once in Abyssinia. Nix. Why do you go?"

"I don't know. I was a fool."

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"Have another vermouth?"

"All right."

The barman rowed back. We trolled up the lake beyond Stresa and then down not far from shore. I held the taut line and felt the faint pulsing of the spinner revolving while I looked at the dark November water of the lake and the deserted shore. The barman rowed with long strokes and on the forward thrust of the boat the line throbbed. Once I had a strike; the line hardened suddenly and jerked back, I pulled and felt the live weight of the trout and then the line throbbed again. I had missed him.

"Did he feel big?"

"Pretty big."

"Once when I was out trolling alone I had the line in my teeth and one struck and nearly took my mouth out."

"The best way is to have it over your leg," I said. "Then you feel it and don't lose your teeth."

I put my hand in the water. It was very cold. We were almost opposite the hotel now.

"I have to go in," the barman said. "To be there for eleven o'clock. *L'heure du cocktail.*"

"All right."

I pulled in the line and wrapped it on a stick notched at each end. The barman put the boat in a little slip in the stone wall and locked it with a chain and padlock.

"Any time you want it," he said, "I'll give you the key."

"Thanks."

We went up to the hotel and in to the bar. I did not want another drink so early in the morning so I went up to our room. The maid had just finished doing the room and Catherine was not back yet. I lay down on the bed and tried to keep from thinking.

When Catherine came back it was all right again. Ferguson was down-stairs, she said. She was coming to lunch.

"I knew you wouldn't mind," Catherine said.

"No." I said.

"What's the matter darling?"

"I don't know."

"I know. You haven't anything to do. All you have is me and I go away."

"That's true."

"I'm sorry darling. I know it must be a dreadful feeling to have nothing at all suddenly."

"My life used to be full of everything." I said. "Now if you aren't with me I haven't a thing in the world."

"But I'll be with you. I was only gone for two hours. Isn't there anything you can do?"

"I went fishing with the barman."

"Wasn't it fun?"

"Yes."

"Don't think about me when I'm not here."

"That's the way I worked it at the front. But there was something to do then."

"Othello with his occupation gone," she teased.

"Othello was a nigger," I said. "Besides I'm not jealous. I'm just so in love with you that there isn't anything else."

"Will you be a good boy and be nice to Ferguson?"

"I'm always nice to Ferguson unless she curses me."

"Be nice to her. Think how much we have and she hasn't anything."

"I don't think she wants what we have."

"You don't know much, darling, for such a wise boy."

"I'll be nice to her."

"I know you will. You're so sweet."

"She won't stay afterward will she?"

"No. I'll get rid of her."

"And then we'll come up here."

"Of course. What do you think I want to do?"

We went down-stairs to have lunch with Ferguson. She was very impressed by the hotel and the splendor of the dining-room. We had a good lunch with a couple of bottles of white Capri. Count Greffi came into the dining-room and bowed to us. His niece, who looked a little like my grandmother, was with him. I told Catherine and Ferguson about him and Ferguson was very impressed. The hotel was very big and grand and empty but the food was good, the wine was very pleasant and finally the wine made us all feel very well. Catherine had no need to feel any better. She was very happy. Ferguson became quite cheerful. I felt very well myself. After lunch Ferguson went back to her hotel. She was going to lie down for a while after lunch she said.

Along late in the afternoon some one knocked on our door.

"Who is it?"

"The Count Greffi wishes to know if you will play billiards with him."

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I looked at my watch; I had taken it off and it was under the pillow.

"Do you have to go darling?" Catherine whispered.

"I think I'd better." The watch said a quarter past four o'clock. Out loud I said, "Tell the Count Greffi I will be in the billiard room at five o'clock."

At a quarter to five I kissed Catherine goodby and went into the bathroom to dress. Knotting my tie and looking in the glass I looked strange to myself in the civilian clothes. I must remember to buy some more shirts and socks.

"Will you be away a long time?" Catherine asked. She looked lovely in the bed. "Would you hand me the brush?"

I watched her brushing her hair, holding her head so the weight of her hair all came on one side. It was dark outside and the light over the head of the bed shone on her hair and on her neck and shoulders. I went over and kissed her and held her hand with the brush and her head sunk back on the pillow. I kissed her neck and shoulders. I felt faint with loving her so much.

"I don't want to go away."

"I don't want you to go away."

"I won't go then."

"Yes. Go. It's only for a little while and then you'll come back."

"We'll have dinner up here."

"Hurry and come back."

I found the Count Greffi in the billiard room. He was practising strokes, looking very fragile under the light that came down above the billiard table. On a card table a little way beyond the light was a silver icing bucket with the necks and corks of two champagne bottles showing above the ice. The Count Greffi straightened up when I came toward the table and walked toward me. He put out his hand, "It is such a great pleasure that you are here. You were very kind to come to play with me."

"It was very nice of you to ask me."

"Are you quite well? They told me you were wounded on the Izonzo. I hope you are well again."

"I'm very well. Have you been well?"

"Oh I am always well, but I am getting old. I detect signs of age now."

"I can't believe it."

"Yes. Do you want to know one? It is easier for me to talk Italian. I discipline myself but I find when I am tired that it is so much easier to talk Italian. So I know I must be getting old."

"We could talk Italian. I am a little tired too."

"Oh but when you are tired it will be easier for you to talk English."

"American."

"Yes. American. You will please talk American. It is a delightful language."

"I hardly ever see Americans."

"You must miss them. One misses one's countrymen and especially one's countrywomen. I know that experience. Should we play or are you too tired?"

"I'm not really tired. I said that for a joke. What handicap will you give me?"

"Have you been playing very much?"

"None at all."

"You play very well. Ten points in a hundred?"

"You flatter me."

"Fifteen?"

"That would be fine but you will beat me."

"Should we play for a stake? You always wished to play for a stake."

"I think we'd better."

"All right. I will give you eighteen points and we will play for a franc a point."

He played a lovely game of billiards and with the handicap I was only four ahead at fifty. Count Greffi pushed a button on the wall to ring for the barman.

"Open one bottle please," he said. Then to me, "We will take a little stimulant." The wine was icy cold and very dry and good.

"Should we talk Italian? Would you mind very much? It is my great weakness now."

We went on playing, sipping the wine between shots, speaking in Italian, but talking little, concentrated on the game. Count Greffi made his one hundredth point and with the handicap I was only at ninety-four. He smiled and patted me on the shoulder.

"Now we will drink the other bottle and you will tell me about the war." He waited for me to sit down.

"About anything else," I said.

"You don't want to talk about it? Good. What have you been reading?"

"Nothing," I said, "I'm afraid I am very dull."

"No. But you should read."

"What is there written in wartime?"

"There is Le Feu by a Frenchman, Bar-

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busse. There is Mr. Britling Sees Through It."

"No he doesn't."

"What?"

"He doesn't see through it. Those books were at the hospital."

"Then you have been reading."

"Yes, but nothing any good."

"I thought Mr. Britling a very good study of the English middle class soul."

"I don't know about the soul."

"Poor boy. We none of us know about the soul. Are you *Croyant?*"

"At night." Count Greffi smiled and turned the glass with his fingers.

"I had expected to become more devout as I grow older but somehow I haven't," he said. "It is a great pity."

"Would you like to live after death?" I asked and instantly felt a fool to mention death. But he did not mind the word.

"It would depend on the life. This life is very pleasant. I would like to live forever," he smiled. "I very nearly have."

We were sitting in the deep leather chairs the champagne in the ice bucket and our glasses on the table between us.

"If you ever live to be as old as I am you will find many things strange."

"You never seem old."

"It is the body that is old. Sometimes I am afraid I will break off a finger as one breaks a stick of chalk. And the spirit is no older and not much wiser."

"You are wise."

"No that is the great fallacy; the wisdom of old men. They do not grow wise. They grow careful."

"Perhaps that is wisdom."

"It is very unattractive wisdom. What do you value most?"

"Some one I love."

"With me it is the same. That is not wisdom. Do you value life?"

"Yes."

"So do I. Because it is all I have. And to give birthday parties," he laughed. "You are probably wiser than I am. You do not give birthday parties."

We both drank the wine.

"What do you think of the war really?" I asked.

"I think it is stupid."

"Who will win it?"

"Italy."

"Why?"

"They are a younger nation."

"Do younger nations always win wars?"

"They are apt to for a time."

"Then what happens?"

"They become older nations."

"You said you were not wise."

"Dear boy that is not wisdom. That is cynicism."

"It sounds very wise to me."

"It's not particularly. I could quote you the examples on the other side. But it is not bad. Have we finished the champagne?"

"Almost."

"Should we drink some more? Then I must dress."

"Perhaps we'd better not now."

"You are sure you don't want more?"

"Yes." He stood up.

"I hope you will be very fortunate and very happy and very very healthy."

"Thank you. And I hope you will live forever."

"Thank you. I have. And if you ever become devout pray for me if I am dead. I am asking several of my friends to do that. I had expected to become devout myself but it has not come." I thought he smiled sadly but I could not tell. He was so old and his face was very wrinkled so that a smile used so many lines that all gradations were lost.

"I might become very devout," I said. "Anyway I will pray for you."

"I had always expected to become devout. All my family died very devout. But somehow it does not come."

"It's too early."

"Maybe it is too late. Perhaps I have outlived my religious feeling."

"My own comes only at night."

"Then too you are in love. Do not forget that is a religious feeling."

"You believe so?"

"Of course." He took a step toward the table. "You were very kind to play."

"It was a great pleasure."

"We will walk up-stairs together."

XXXVI

That night there was a storm and I woke to hear the rain lashing the window panes. It was coming in the open window. Some one had knocked on the door. I went to the door very softly, not to disturb Catherine, and opened it. The barman stood there. He wore his overcoat and carried his wet hat.

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"Can I speak to you, Tenente?"

"What's the matter?"

"It's a very serious matter."

I looked around. The room was dark. I saw the water on the floor from the window. "Come in," I said. I took him by the arm into the bathroom; locked the door and put on the light. I sat down on the edge of the bath tub.

"What's the matter, Emilio? Are you in trouble?"

"No. You are, Tenente."

"Yes?"

"They are going to arrest you in the morning."

"Yes?"

"I came to tell you. I was out in the town and I heard them talking in a café."

"I see."

He stood there, his coat wet, holding his wet hat and said nothing.

"Why are they going to arrest me?"

"For something about the war."

"Do you know what?"

"No. But I know that they know you were here before as an officer and now you are here out of uniform. After this retreat they arrest everybody."

I thought a minute.

"What time do they come to arrest me?"

"In the morning. I don't know the time."

"What do you say to do?"

He put his hat in the wash bowl. It was very wet and had been dripping on the floor.

"If you have nothing to fear an arrest is nothing. But it is always bad to be arrested. Especially now."

"I don't want to be arrested."

"Then go to Switzerland."

"How?"

"In my boat."

"There is a storm," I said.

"The storm is over. It is rough but you will be all right."

"When should we go."

"Right away. They might come to arrest you early in the morning."

"What about our bags?"

"Get them packed. Get your lady dressed. I will take care of them."

"Where will you be?"

"I will wait here. I don't want any one to see me outside in the hall."

I opened the door, closed it, and went into the bedroom. Catherine was awake.

"What is it darling?"

"It's all right, Cat," I said. "Would you like to get dressed right away and go in a boat to Switzerland?"

"Would you?"

"No," I said. "I'd like to go back to bed."

"What is it about?"

"The barman says they are going to arrest me in the morning."

"Is the barman crazy?"

"No."

"Then please hurry darling and get dressed so we can start." She sat up on the side of the bed. She was still sleepy. "Is that the barman in the bathroom?"

"Yes."

"Then I won't wash. Please look the other way darling and I'll be dressed in just a minute."

I saw her white back as she took off her nightgown and then I looked away because she wanted me to. I dressed hearing the rain on the windows. I did not have much to put in my bag.

"There's plenty of room in my bag, Cat, if you need any."

"I'm almost packed," she said. "Darling, I'm awfully stupid, but why is the barman in the bathroom?"

"Sh—he's waiting to take our bags down."

"He's awfully nice."

"He's an old friend," I said. "I nearly sent him some pipe tobacco once."

I looked out the open window at the dark night. I could not see the lake, only the dark and the rain but the wind was quieter.

"I'm ready darling," Catherine said.

"All right." I went to the bathroom door. "Here are the bags, Emilio," I said. The barman took the two bags.

"You're very good to help us," Catherine said.

"That's nothing lady," the barman said. "I'm glad to help you just so I don't get in trouble myself. Listen," he said to me. "I'll take these out the servants' stairs and to the boat. You just go out as though you were going for a walk."

"It's a lovely night for a walk," Catherine said.

"It's a bad night all right."

"I'm glad I've an umbrella," Catherine said.

We walked down the hall and down the wide thickly carpeted stairs. At the foot of the stairs by the door the porter sat behind his desk.

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He looked surprised at seeing us.

"You're not going out, sir?" he said.

"Yes." I said. "We're going to see the storm along the lake."

"Haven't you got an umbrella, sir?"

"No," I said. "This coat sheds water."

He looked at it doubtfully. "I'll get you an umbrella, sir," he said. He went away and came back with a big umbrella. "It is a little big, sir," he said. I gave him a ten lira note. "Oh you are too good, sir. Thank you very much," he said. He held the door open and we went out into the rain. He smiled at Catherine and she smiled at him. "Don't stay out in the storm," he said. "You will get wet sir and lady." He was only the second porter, and his English was still literally translated.

"We'll be back," I said. We walked down the path under the giant umbrella and out through the dark wet gardens to the road and across the road to the trellised pathway along the lake. The wind was blowing off shore now. It was a cold wet November wind and I knew it was snowing in the mountains. We came along past the chained boats in the slips along the quay to where the barman's boat should be. The water was dark against the stone. The barman stepped out from beside the row of trees.

"The bags are in the boat," he said.

"I want to pay you for the boat," I said.

"How much money have you?"

"Not so much."

"You send me the money later. That will be all right."

"How much?"

"What you want."

"Tell me how much."

"If you get through send me five hundred francs. You won't mind that if you get through."

"All right."

"Here are sandwiches." He handed me a package. "Everything there was in the bar. It's all here. This is a bottle of brandy and a bottle of wine." I put them in my bag. "Let me pay you for those."

"All right give me fifty lire."

I gave it to him. "The brandy is good," he said. "You don't need to be afraid to give it to your lady. She better get in the boat." He held the boat, it rising and falling against the stone wall and I helped Catherine in. She sat in the stern and pulled her cape around her.

"You know where to go?"

"Up the lake."

"You know how far?"

"Past Luino."

"Past Luino, Cannero, Cannobio, Tranzano. You aren't in Switzerland until you come to Brissago. You have to pass Monte Tamara."

"What time is it?" Catherine asked.

"It's only eleven o'clock," I said.

"If you row all the time you ought to be there by seven o'clock in the morning."

"Is it that far?"

"It's thirty-five kilometres."

"How should we go? In this rain we need a compass."

"No. Row to Isola Bella. Then on the other side of Isola Madre go with the wind. The wind will take you to Pallanza. You will see the lights. Then go up the shore."

"Maybe the wind will change."

"No," he said. "This wind will blow like this for three days. It comes straight down from the Mattarone. There is a can to bail with."

"Let me pay you something for the boat now."

"No, I'd rather take a chance. If you get through you pay me all you can."

"All right."

"I don't think you'll get drowned."

"That's good."

"Go with the wind up the lake."

"All right." I stepped in the boat.

"Did you leave the money for the hotel?"

"Yes. In an envelope in the room."

"All right. Good luck Tenente."

"Good luck. We thank you many times."

"You won't thank me if you get drowned."

"What does he say?" Catherine asked.

"He says good luck."

"Good luck," Catherine said. "Thank you very much."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

He bent down and shoved us off. I dug at the water with the oars, then waved one hand. The barman waved back deprecatingly. I saw the lights of the hotel and rowed out, rowing straight out until they were out of sight. There was quite a sea running but we were going with the wind.

(To be concluded in October.)

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Foch and Clemenceau, whose conflicting personalities are revealed in the article by Raymond Recouly, as they appeared inspecting British troops at Dover, December 21st, 1918.

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